

English Texts for Indian Schools

ON PEACE AND HAPPINESS



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ON PEACE AND HAPPINESS

BY

THE RIGHT HON LORD AVEBURY, PC

ABRIDGED EDITION

FOR THE USE OF INDIAN STUDENTS

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

ON HAPPINESS

Importance of Subject—The Wish of all—How are Peace and Happiness to be secured?—Apology for Advice—The Lesson of Life—Complexity of Life—The Duty of Happiness—Self-Control—The Folly of Anger—The importance of keeping one's Temper—We might all be Good—Pleasures—Old Legend—Unhappiness, Causes of—Pain, Use of—Imaginary Troubles—Sin—Luck—Necessity for Work—Sloth—Industry—Lessons from other Races—Burmese—Japanese—Civilisation and Science—Reason—Limitations of Knowledge—Two Views of Life Retirement, Usefulness—Rest—Sunday—Supreme Importance of Leisure Time

CHAPTER II

THE BODY

Life a Miracle—Mind and Body—Marvellous Complexity of the Body—The Action of the Brain—Memory—The Priceless Gift of Life—Conditions of Health—Cleanliness—Health—Mental Troubles—Luxury—Wealth, Power and Health—Moderation—Fresh Air—Fasting—Eating and Drinking—Work, Indolence, and Patience—Sleep—Dreams—Alcohol

CHAPTER III

THE MIND

PAGE

The Body a Temple for the Soul—The Soul is all the World to Man—Shortness of Life—Supposed Insignificance of Man, and Misery of Life—Death in that case no Evil—Two Views of Man not Opposite, but Alternative—Strength—Woman—Beauty—Poets and Women—Draupadi—Solomon on a Wise Woman—Dignity of Life—Mystery of Life—Clearness of Duty—Milton on Life	24
--	----

CHAPTER IV

ASPIRATION

To what should we aspire?—The Athenian Oath—Cicero on Glory—Disadvantages of Wealth and Power—Precipices in Life—Shakespeare on Ambition—Perseverance—The Ideal of Socialists—The Ancients on Progress—The Golden Age—Science and Progress—The Future of Science	32
--	----

CHAPTER V

CONTENTMENT

Sunshine involves Shadow—Unreasonable Complaints—Solomon—Ages of Man—Childhood, Boyhood, Manhood, Old Age—Death—Melancholy—Brooding over Grievances—Freedom—Anxiety—Courage	41
---	----

CHAPTER VI

ADVERSITY

The Complexity of Life—Troubles inevitable—Classification of Troubles—Warnings, Trials, Imaginary or Trifling,	
--	--

Self-made, Punishments, Blessings in Disguise—Hope— Courage	PAGE 51
--	------------

CHAPTER VII

KINDNESS

Allowances for Children, for Illness, and after Death—Why not for all?—Our own Faults give us more Trouble than those of Others—Charity giving money and giving Thought—The Lessons of Providence—Forgiving—Griev- ances—The Home	56
---	----

CHAPTER VIII

ON FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

The Folly of making Enemies—A Foolish Friend more dangerous than an Enemy—The Sanctity of Friendship— The Faults of Friends—The Candid Friend—Conversation —Argument—Misunderstandings—Society—The Love of Towns—Strangers—Solitude—Value of Friends—Peace in Crowds—A Kind Word—The Presence of Friends—Love —Jealousy	65
---	----

CHAPTER IX

ON RICHES

Overestimate of what Wealth can do—Enjoyment without Possession—Pleasure of Giving not confined to the Rich —The Widow's Mite—The Gift of Time more important than Money—The Best Things not to be bought nor can they be stolen—Wealth of Nations—Thrift—Specula- tion—Gambling—A Man may be made of Money, but Money cannot make a Man	74
--	----

CHAPTER X

THE DREAD OF NATURE

	PAGE
The Dread of Nature—Comets—Eclipses—Heathen Gods— Magic—Savages—Romans—Valentias—Stars and Planets —Nature Spirits—Indifference to Nature—Goldsmith— Johnson—Tennyson and the Cruelty of Nature—Death, often Painless—Science and Nature	79

CHAPTER XI

THE LOVE OF NATURE

Nothing really important is uncommon—Love of Collecting —Collections the Material for Study—Problems of Nature —The Life History of Animals—Ruskin on the Squirrel, the Serpent, Flowers—The Sky—Night—Wordsworth on Science—Nature and Beauty—Nature and Colour—The Sea—Autumn Tints—The Earth—The Beautifying Touch of Nature—Nature as a Friend—Nature and Peace	85
---	----

CHAPTER XII

NOW

Importance of the Present—Uncertainty of the Future— Shortness of Time—No one has more than another— Equality of Conditions—Bacon—Proverbs about Time, Shortness of Life—Time is easy to lose but difficult to find—Youth and Old Age—To day only is our own	99
--	----

CHAPTER XIII

WISDOM

Wotan giving Mimir one of his Eyes for a Draught from the Fountain of Wisdom—Definition of Wisdom—Speech and	
---	--

CONTENTS

ix

Silence—National Mistakes due to hurry—Sleep and Prudence—Easy not to do, very difficult to undo—Knowledge—Solomon on Wisdom—Reason—The Fatigue of Thought—Our Extreme Ignorance—The Mystery of the World—Duty—Faults—Odiousness of Vice—The Voice of Conscience

PAGE 102

CHAPTER XIV

PEACE OF MIND

**A Man's Peace of Mind depends on Himself—Unnecessary
Anxieties—Sleep and Care—Brooding—Eastern Proverb
—Dr Johnson on Insults—Meddling—Difficulties—Busi-
ness and Anxiety—Business and Peace—Mr Gladstone's
Temple of Peace—Working for Oneself and Working
for Others—The World—A Good Life—Suspicious—
Religions—Peace**

CHAPTER I

ON HAPPINESS

WE all wish for peace and happiness We cannot hope for more, and we need not wish for less. It may be doubted whether it is possible to have peace without happiness, or happiness without peace But how are either or both to be secured?

On what do they depend? Money cannot make us happy, success cannot make us happy, friends cannot make us happy, health and strength cannot make us happy All these make for happiness, but none of them will secure it Nature may do all she can she may give us 10 fame, health, money, long life, but she cannot make us happy Every one of us must do that for himself Our language expresses this admirably What do we say if we have had a happy day? We say we have enjoyed *our selves*

This expression of our mother-tongue seems very suggestive Our happiness depends upon ourselves We differ, however, so much from one another in condition, circumstance, age, duties, and acquirements, that it may seem impossible to lay down any general rules, and presumptuous 20 even to make suggestions Philosophers have always differed in their opinions as to what happiness really is and how it is to be secured.

Nevertheless there is no one advanced in life, however successful his or her career may have been, who does not look back with regret on some faults which need not have been committed, some temptations which might have been resisted, some mistakes which could have been avoided, if only they had known *then* what they know *now*, and some experience which, without any real sacrifice or difficulty, might have made their lives brighter, happier, and more useful

- 10 A very learned man, who died an early death, exclaimed on his death-bed, "Oh, that I had known the art of life, or found some book, or some man to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise "

It is recorded that in Athens there was a law according to which any man who had a lighted candle and refused to allow another to light his at it, was to be punished with death

- Plutarch, a famous historian, tells us in a noble passage that "It was for the sake of others that I first undertook
20 to write biographies, but I soon began to dwell upon and delight in them for myself, endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to regulate my own life, and to make it like those
3 who were reflected in their history as it were in a mirror before me Thus, by our familiarity with history and the habit of writing it, we so train ourselves by constantly receiving into our minds the memorials of the great and good, that should anything base or vicious be placed in our way by the society into which we are necessarily thrown, we reject it from our thoughts by
30 fixing them calmly and serenely on some of these great exemplars "

All men desire happiness, but few know how to secure it All of us, or at any rate most of us, profess to regard peace

and happiness as the greatest good, but in practice many throw them away for wealth or power or fame.

Life is not a picture or even a page, but a book of many pages and many chapters, by no means easy to read. We speak of the world, but in fact there are many worlds, and every one creates his own world for himself.

The wise man will take life as it really is. He will not be disconcerted by its chances and changes, but will be prepared for all its varied phases—successes and reverses, triumphs and disappointments, hopes and fears, health and 10 ill-health, pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows, happy memories and vain regrets.

Self-control is perhaps the first requisite of happiness.

Self-reverence, self knowledge, self control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power ¹

That is to say, true sovereign power—almost, I might say, the power best worth having—namely, the power over oneself.

Every one is ruled by somebody, and it is better to be governed by oneself than by anybody else, even though 20 one can more or less often escape from the tyranny of others, while our own is always with us. To obey no one is better than to command any one, and to control oneself is better than to rule over any one else. Every one is bound to make the best of himself.

It has been said that all men are controlled either by reason or by passion. Passion, however, leads her slaves into innumerable disasters. If a man cannot control himself, how can he expect to be master of others? and on the other hand "he that is master of himself will soon be 30 master of others," ² at least if he wishes, and if he cannot

¹ Tennyson

² Bacon

master himself, others will soon master him An angry man has no chance with a cool one It has been well said that "anger is like rain, which breaks itself against that on which it falls"¹ Always then keep your temper When you are in the right you can surely keep it, and when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it If you can master yourself and the alphabet you can master anything Neither task is easy Grown-up people forget the difficulty of the alphabet but it was learnt once for all long ago.

- 10 The mastery of self, however, requires a continual watch all through one's life, and yet every one can win the victory if he chooses It is not the wicked world without, but the sinful soul within, that ruins a man We may pray that we be not led into temptation, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is we who lead ourselves into temptation In a weird and tragic story in an old play, the hero is constantly haunted and thwarted by a mysterious figure in a mask, and when at last the mask is lifted, his own features are disclosed

- 20 There is no doubt high authority for saying that

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,²

but yet no one was ever thoroughly ruined except by himself

We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone³

- Are Peace and Happiness to be found in the possession of wealth? Many think that wealth gives leisure and leisure gives pleasure But what is pleasure? There is all the difference in the world between false pleasures and true pleasures False pleasures are fleeting, true pleasures last long True pleasures are paid for in advance, false
- 30

¹ Seneca

² Shakespeare

³ Savage

pleasures afterwards, with heavy and compound interest "Every fleshly joy comes with a smiling face, but at the last it bites and kills" ¹

Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Sir Robert Peel, said that "life would be tolerable, if it were not for its amusements", or, as Mme de Sévigné put it, "One's life may be spent in pleasure without one having a moment of happiness" "Silence and stillness," says Alfred Austin, our Poet Laureate, "are the sweetest of all our joys"

But who can describe happiness? "Silence is the 10 perfectest herald of joy I were but little happy, if I could say how much" ²

There is an old legend that soon after the creation the gods announced that mankind would, on a given day, be permitted to divide the earth between them As soon as the appointed time arrived, the agriculturists appropriated the fertile fields, merchants the roads and seas, monks the slopes suitable for vines, noblemen the woods and forests, for the sake of the game, kings the bridges and defiles, where they could raise taxes The poet, who was in deep 20 meditation, came when all was over and bewailed his lot What was to be done? The gods had nothing more to give "Come," they said, "and live with us in the eternal azure of heaven Come as often as you like, you will find the door open" He accepted, but had no need to disturb himself, in his happy moments, free from care or anxiety, his mind, like some well-tuned instrument, could at will bring down the heaven to earth

We cannot all be poets, but in these happier days we have all the same gracious invitation if we will only accept 30 it We cannot all be great or powerful, rich or clever, but we may all be happy and good We can all make our lives

¹ Thomas a Kempis

² Shakespeare

bright and beautiful if we choose This rests with us We can succeed if we choose, but we must do our best We do not spring into life perfect Children are innocent, but not virtuous Even those who unfortunately inherit a tendency to evil may escape from their ancestors if they will The result depends not on cleverness, but on character

Sorrow and pain may indeed come to any man, but many a man makes his sorrow or his pain much greater than it need be Many people distress themselves about matters 10 which are of very slight importance If they could but look on such things as the trifles that they really are, they would not worry about them We are apt to let our mind dwell on any source of sorrow or anxiety, and to overlook the many blessings by which we are surrounded, or to take them as a matter of course Small troubles often look great, as a shadow looms large in the gloom of evening, and great blessings seem small

Pain is not always, or even generally, an evil It is often a warning and safeguard As the old proverb says, 20 "The burnt child dreads the fire" Indeed, but for pain we should soon lose our lives This will be generally admitted, but we do not so readily acknowledge that the same is true of mental troubles—that care is a safeguard from disaster, and sorrow from despair

It is foolish to make ourselves miserable about troubles which may never happen According to the old saying, it is no use jumping till you come to the ditch It is, of course, very difficult to avoid worrying ourselves if things go wrong, and yet it is foolish Either we can change them 30 or we cannot If we can change them, of course we shall do so, and it is unnecessary to worry, if we cannot change them, it is clearly useless Many troubles in life are in reality trials or opportunities

And if we so often exaggerate our troubles, we constantly fail to appreciate our blessings. Those that come every day pass unnoticed, whereas we ought on that very account to be all the more grateful for them. We should enjoy what we have, and not fret for what we have not.

Sin—doing what we know and feel to be wrong—is the main source of sorrow. It is a mistake to suppose that by repentance we can escape punishment for wrong-doing. Remorse is the punishment of crime. The sharpest pangs of pain are the stings of an angry conscience. Only that 10 which is good produces happiness.

As a great judge of art said of a beautiful picture: "As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly in my life—and both have been many and great—that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this, and of all other beautiful things."¹

Peace and happiness do not depend upon luck. "It is," 20 says that eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, "a common plea of the faint-hearted that success depends mainly on luck. I do not believe at all in luck, and the man who is content to wait for a stroke of good fortune will probably wait for ever."

We live in a very beautiful world, but few good things are to be had in it without hard work. It is not a world in which any one can expect to be prosperous if he is easily discouraged. Perseverance—earnest, steady perseverance—is necessary to success. 30

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.²

¹ Ruskin

² Franklin

This is no drawback Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body, in fact, the two are inseparable

Sleep, we know, is one of our greatest blessings, but like others it must be used with judgment and moderation Taken in excess it becomes a curse "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man"¹

10 But rest and leisure do not imply sloth. Sloth is quite different The object of rest and leisure is to prepare for energy and progress, the object of sloth is to avoid any exertion

If ill-health or any other cause shuts us out from a life of energy, and deprives us of a career of success, it opens one of resignation and heroism Every one may make his life one of moral grandeur, and the triumph over suffering is often more noble than victory over difficulties Any life, in fact, may be a triumph and a joy "The body may be
20 disordered without our fault, but the mind cannot"²

It is a deadly error to suppose that idleness is a privilege and work a penalty "Work is no disgrace," once said a famous Greek, "but idleness is"³ His countrymen did not, however, appreciate this view Indeed, it was perhaps the very absence of this maternal training which led to the ultimate fall of Greece Art was carried to its highest development, constant wars and athletic exercises led to splendid bodily development, but the Greeks had not the inestimable advantage of the discipline of steady industry
30 they wanted perseverance, self-control, and patient endurance Regular work and steady industry is a great moral power, and this they lacked They were no doubt

¹ Solomon² Cicero³ Hesiod

a wonderful race, but they were not justified in their contempt for others—in looking down on them as barbarians

We should not make the same mistake We should try to learn from other races We might well take a lesson from the Burmese detestation of war, or from the Japanese respect for what they call Bushido—nobility of soul ✓

“‘Bushido’ offers us the ideal of poverty instead of wealth, humility in place of ostentation, self-sacrifice in place of selfishness, the care of the interest of the State rather than that of the individual ‘Bushido’ inspires ardent courage 10 and the refusal to turn the back upon the enemy, it looks death calmly in the face, and prefers it to ignominy of any kind It preaches submission to authority, and the sacrifice of all private interests, whether of self or family, to the common weal It requires its disciples to submit to a strict physical and mental discipline, develops a martial spirit, and by lauding the virtues of constancy, courage, fortitude, faithfulness, daring, and self-restraint, offers an exalted code of moral principles, not only for the man and the warrior, but for men and women in times of both peace 20 and of war”¹ Bushido, in fact, is the conscience of the nation, and has made the Japanese a great people

A great writer asserts that civilisation rests on conscience, not on science Does it not rather depend on both? Without science our material existence would be miserable, if not impossible, without conscience life would be intolerable The one is necessary for the body, the other for the soul Science has done more for man than magicians ever imagined

Truth is above reason The object of reason is to attain 30 truth For truth we should work and live and be ready, if necessary, to die “Learn what is true, in order to do what

¹ *Times*, October 4, 1904, *The Soul of a Nation*

is right, for this is the whole duty of man " ¹ It may be said that reason makes mistakes, yes, but how do we know that? By reason.

Our theories can at present only be provisional Marvellous as has been the progress of science, and wonderful the additions to our knowledge, they can only be regarded as tentative and preliminary, as preparing the ground, and providing materials for further discoveries, we have an immense amount to do, to learn, and to unlearn, before we
10 can hope to reach the solution of the great problem of life, the great mystery of that wonderful universe in which we find ourselves, and in which it is our privilege to live

However we may long for peace, we cannot expect to secure it by running away from duty

In early times pious men thought to sanctify themselves and secure peace of mind by retiring into the desert, far away not only from cares and temptations of the world, but also from the duties and responsibilities of life Whether they succeeded I have my doubts Honest work and useful
20 occupations are a safeguard in many ways Moreover, the delightful duties of family life, the daily power of giving little pleasures, of softening or removing troubles, of helping in difficulties, are themselves a purifying and ennobling influence Nor can any one be the better for sacrificing the society of his friends, or shrinking from the duties we owe to our country, in order to spend his life in working for what he cannot have, lamenting over what he cannot prevent, and puzzling over what he cannot hope to comprehend

30 An active and useful life need not be one of care or anxiety We should not ask ourselves whether a life in a desert or in society is the more likely to bring peace and

¹ Huxley

happiness to oneself, but which of the two will enable one to do most for the welfare of others. The clear duty of most of us, at any rate, is to work in the world, to remain of the world, and yet to keep ourselves as far as possible unspotted by the world—though no doubt this is far from easy.

Most of us, indeed, can be useful in a profession or business, on the farm or in the workshop, and happily we may carry peace of mind even into the most active life. To those who know how to live, life becomes every year 10
“more rich, more interesting, and more mysterious

Work, indeed, should not be incessant. Every man should give himself a good holiday once a year, and a day's holiday once a week. More than this, he should give himself a little holiday every day—an hour or two for self-examination, for thought, for brain rest, for exercise, and last, not least, for amusement. Every man at the close of the day should give himself a few minutes to think over what he has done, and what he might have, and ought to have, done. If he follows these simple rules he will have a 20
good conscience, a good appetite, and peaceful slumbers.

Some of us perhaps at the present day do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of leisure and of securing opportunities for meditation. We make life too much of a rush and a bustle, even our games we turn into a business.

To work is the duty, but by no means the whole duty of man, yet he is, or ought to be, at his best when work is over for a while and he has his time and his mind to himself. Our countrymen work well. I wish I could think that their days of rest were quite as wisely spent. The 30
six days of labour are good and useful, but the seventh is, or should be, holy. On that day the mind should soar above the world, aspire and be inspired, should rest in

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peace, serene, and divine—peace wider and deeper than the ocean, and high as the heaven above.

England is not poorer, but richer, because our ancestors have, through many ages, rested from their labour one day in seven. That day is not lost. "While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on, quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed
 10 on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labour on Monday with clear intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour"¹

We sometimes hear people say that they have nothing to do. What a mistake this is! Our most important occupation, our most imperative responsibility, the improvement of oneself, the care of one's own soul, is always with us. We recognise the headship of a great school or the tutorship of a royal prince as a position of great importance and
 20 responsibility, but the keepership of oneself is to oneself a duty of even greater responsibility.

From this point of view our leisure hours are perhaps the most important time we ever have. The claims of a profession, of an office, of a business, the occupations which provide the requisites of life, are no doubt very important; they are what Germans call "bread and butter" duties, they are necessary for our material existence, but, after all, so far as the body is concerned, we are mere animals, and the body is only important as the temple of the soul.
 30 And yet we hear of persons who have retired from the active labour of youth and middle age, and who find the time hang heavy on their hands because they imagine they

¹ Macaulay

have nothing to do, whereas in truth they have now at last the grand opportunity of devoting their whole time to the two supreme objects of existence—the promotion of the happiness of others, and the improvement of their own soul

CHAPTER II

THE BODY

THE ordinary course of nature is marvellous The way in which man is fed by the multiplication of grain, the increase of flocks and herds, the way in which corn and meat and milk are changed into flesh and blood and brain is, indeed, most wonderful And when they are so changed, it is as 10 miraculous how the blood nourishes the various organs

But most mysterious of all are the relations between mind and body, the gulf between life and death A railway signal is misread or overlooked, a horse runs away, a compass gets out of order, we miss our balance, a thousand and one possibilities of accident surround us every moment And even in ourselves we carry the elements of our own destruction the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain, a failure of the heart, a minute change in the nervous system, and all is over What was a living, speaking, 20 feeling, thinking mind becomes a mere mass of inanimate matter

We are, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," nor can we yet by any means realise our extraordinary complexity A well-known writer states it as an obvious truth that "the human mind must perceive everything which

happens in the human body”¹ This is, however, the very reverse of the case. As a matter of fact we are intensely ignorant—even the most learned physicians know little—of what is passing within us. That something must take place in the brain when we speak, or read, or think, is obvious, but what that is we have no idea. How do we see, or hear, or feel, or smell? The most advanced physiologist cannot tell us. We know, indeed, very little about our own bodies. Take, for instance, the mechanism of the

10 senses

As regards touch, there are in the skin, especially of the hands and tongue, certain minute corpuscles each connected with a nerve, some organs of touch, others and different ones for the transmission of the sensations of heat and cold, which apparently are not opposite sensations of the same, but perceptions of different organs, but how these impressions are transmitted to the brain, and how they are there transmuted into sensations, we are absolutely ignorant

20 As regards taste, there are on the tongue many thousands of minute bud-like groups of special cells which are supposed to be the organs of taste, but how they are affected, and in what different manner, by different flavours, and how these are realised in the brain, we are again entirely ignorant

As regards smell, the mucous membrane of the nose contains certain yellow or brownish cells differing from the rest, but showing no visible structure which throws any light on the problem, and how these convey to the brain the multiplicity of odours, and how the brain deals with
30 them, we are again entirely ignorant

The drum of the ear receives the vibrations of the atmosphere and transmits them through a complex chain of

¹Spinoza

small bones—which are considered to intensify the vibrations—to the labyrinth, on which the final filaments of the auditory nerve are distributed. It has been suggested that the wonderful organ of Corti—a series of some 4000 minute arches—are, as it were, the keys on which the sound-waves play, almost like the fingers of a performer on the keys of a musical instrument. This may be the case, but even so it affords no ultimate explanation. The ear is a complex and delicate organ, but it does not explain the sensation of sound or the differences of notes

10

Consider, again, the eye. Externally comes the cornea, then the aqueous humor, the iris, the lens, the vitreous humor, and finally the retina, which is no thicker than a sheet of thin paper, and yet consists of no less than nine separate layers, the innermost being the rods and cones, which are the immediate recipients of the undulations of light. The number of rods and cones in the human eye is enormous. At a moderate computation the cones may be estimated at over 3,000,000, and the rods at 30,000,000.

All this constitutes a wonderful optical instrument. The 20 landscape is focussed on the retina, as on a photographic plate, the image is constantly becoming visible, and the wonderful plate is continually being washed clean and prepared for another impression. But this does not carry us much further. What happens when the image is focussed on the retina? How are the impressions conveyed to the brain? We have not merely to deal with outlines, but with shades, and, still more wonderful, with colours. How these are transmitted to the brain, and how they are realised in the brain, we are again entirely ignorant.

30

Consider, again, the processes of digestion. We partake of a meal and transmute our food into flesh and bone, and fat and blood, tendons and skin, miles of arteries and veins,

lungs and liver, and a hundred other substances and fluids, each with different properties and uses But how these wonderful chemical changes take place we know not

In the same way I might analyse the other changes which are continually proceeding in our complex organisation—secretion, the formation and circulation of the blood, and many other functions, but each description would lead up in the end to a confession of ignorance¹

How little, then, we know, and yet in another sense how
 10 much we know! The existence of memory is so familiar that we do not realise what a marvel it is In one sense even the most ignorant of us have an almost inexhaustible stock of knowledge What innumerable facts are stored up in our brains—recollections of childhood, of friends and relations, sounds and tastes and smells, pictures of places and faces, poetry and song, names of friends and relations, of kings and heroes, of statesmen and poets, dates and quotations, facts and fancies,—what innumerable details and memories! But how are they perceived, where are
 20 they stored, and how are they restored when we choose to recall them?

Man is indeed a miracle, endowed with “the priceless gift of life, which he can have but *once*, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born,—*this* priceless gift we see strangled out of him by innumerable pack-threads, and there remains of the glorious possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in
 30 shrouds, and bury underground,—surely with well-merited tears To the thinker here lies tragedy enough, the epitome and marrow of all tragedy whatsoever”¹

¹ Carlyle

The complication, however, of our bodily structure is so great that the marvel is, not our being sometimes ill, but our being ever well. No wonder that we suffer at times, but happily, if pain is excessive, it must needs be short.

To lead a happy and useful life, then, we must give reasonable care and attention to the body, and yet how reckless we are! We stuff it with food, poison it with drink or with smoke, overwork it unnecessarily, let it rust in idleness, abuse it, ill-use it, injure it, neglect it, and suffer terribly, but justly, for our errors 10

Though no man can add a cubit to his stature, we can all make ourselves ill, and most of us can keep ourselves well. Most people will keep fairly well if they eat little, avoid alcohol and tobacco, take plenty of fresh air and exercise, keep the mind at work, and the conscience at rest.

The ideals of different races and centuries have no doubt been very different. With us cleanliness is next to godliness. With our ancestors it was the very reverse, and dearly they paid for their error in plagues and black death 20

Yet however good our health may be, however carefully we may regulate our diet and our habits, the body is so powerfully affected by the mind, that, as every skilful physician knows, it is often the mind rather than the body with which he has to deal. We may often say with Macbeth to the physician

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?¹

30

¹ Shakespeare

And yet some, through vice or weakness, stall more through ignorance, sin against their bodies The human body is so perfectly arranged and adjusted and constructed, so beautifully adapted to its purposes and surroundings, that to spoil and ruin its delicate and complicated mechanism is not only a terrible mistake, but a grievous sin

We take much pains over breeds of sheep and cattle and horses, but what is most important is to improve the breed of men—bodily, mentally, and spiritually Prosperity will
10 not do this Unless well used it is a peril Comfort, and still more luxury, are dangers a beautiful climate is apt to relax the fibres, a stern, cool, even cold one braces the nerves and knits the muscles

Moreover, no doubt it is much easier to be good when we are feeling well and strong If we are in pain or overwrought, things which are comparatively trifling upset us Small troubles, which under other conditions we should scarcely notice, vex and annoy us

Wealth and power can give no immunity, but rather
20 multiply temptations and increase anxieties Dr Radcliffe is said to have told William III that he would not have His Majesty's two legs for His Majesty's three kingdoms

Some people, no doubt, are born with a bad constitution—with the seeds of diseases for which they are not responsible But it is probably not an exaggeration to say that for nine-tenths of what we suffer we are ourselves responsible

Mr Taylor in his work on golf tells us that "to maintain anything approaching his best form, a golfer must of necessity live a clean, wholesome, and sober life A man
30 must live plainly, but well, and he must be careful of himself If he uses up the reserve force, or abuses himself in any way, then he has cast his opportunities aside, and he drops immediately out of the game There are no half-

measures You must do one of two things be careful of yourself in everything, or forsake the game altogether A man who lives a careless or a vicious life can never succeed in golf, or hope to keep his nerves and his stamina "

What applies to golf is equally true of life generally We all know that we can make ourselves ill, but scarcely realise how much we can do to keep ourselves well Moderation is all-important, moderation in eating as well as in drinking Probably nine people out of ten eat and drink more than they need—more than is good for them An 10 occasional feast matters little, it is the continual daily overloading ourselves with food which is so injurious, so depressing It is easy to eat too much, there is no fear of eating too little A light stomach, moreover, makes a light heart High feeding means low spirits, and many people suffer as much from dyspepsia as from all other ailments put together

As we are now situated, scarcely any time spent in the open air can be said to be wasted Such hours will not only not be counted in life, but will actually add to it, will 20 tend to make "your days long in the land "

Bodily pleasures are fleeting and often dearly bought From the earliest times food has brought sorrow and death on man "Of all rebellions," said Bacon, "the rebellions of the belly are the worst" Shut your mouth and save your life Men do not generally die "a natural death," they kill themselves, and die much sooner than they need The way to live long is to live wisely, and especially to be moderate in all things Food in moderation is a daily satisfaction, and it was a friendly wish

30

Now good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both ¹

¹Shakespeare

Too much to eat is almost as bad as too much to drink
The mind cannot work freely when the stomach is full
Fasting has always been considered as a preparation for
prayer, and indeed for any intellectual exertion Over-
eating leads to dyspepsia, low spirits, and many other evils

Drink is even more fatal. "O God, that men should put
an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"¹
Drunkenness is the great curse of northern nations

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions?

10 Who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause?

Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine,

They that go to seek mixed wine

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,

When it giveth his colour in the cup

At the last it biteth like a serpent,

And stingeth like an adder.²

That drink leads to poverty is but a small part of the evil,
it is not that a man has made himself a beggar, but that he
20 has made himself a brute—or rather worse than a brute
His punishment is not, so much that he suffers, the worst
is that he has brought the suffering on himself. This is the
terrible, the intolerable part. It is not the result of the
vice, but the vice itself which fills up the cup of bitterness

The danger of drink is due to its insidiousness. Wine at
first seems to promote truth, conversation, and good-fellow-
ship. The young man sits down, perhaps, feeling a little
dull, gloomy, and disheartened; he takes a little wine, and
the ideas come more quickly, words occur to him, care is
30 forgotten, hope revives, he feels in sympathy with man-
kind, his heart is cheered, he was despondent and he is
happy, another glass and he will be glorious. But, alas!

¹ Shakespeare

² Solomon

the rich landscape was a mirage, the bright vision a dream, the free flow of words ends in an indiscretion, the feelings of friendship in a quarrel, and the vivacity of the brain in a racking headache. Even genius sometimes falls a victim to the bottle, as in the old Eastern tale.

Statistics seem to prove that teetotallers live longer than those who take alcohol, even in moderation. Alcohol is bad not only for the body, but for the mind. It makes men quarrelsome, it inflames the passions, makes them more hard to resist, and increases the difficulty of living a pure life.

The body in health is a marvellous and beautiful piece of mechanism, which is entrusted to us, and of which we are bound to take the greatest care. Just because of its beauty and perfection it is a disgrace to us if, through any fault of ours, it is marred or injured, and just because of its beauty and perfection in health, it becomes repulsive and loathsome if we neglect or misuse it. We may make it as we please, either a glorious temple or a ghastly ruin.

The Romans had two excellent proverbs about work—
 “Labour overcomes all difficulties,” and another which, though less known, is quite as true, “Labour is itself a pleasure.” The two sayings are closely related. Victory even in trifles is a pleasure. We all love to win a game, and some cannot help showing their annoyance if they lose. If, then, it is true—and who can deny it?—that work will win in the end, it is obvious that it will bring happiness with it. The man who takes an interest in his work—as every one should—will find it, whatever it is, a real pleasure. The body and soul are both made for use, and neither can rest until it has worked. Idleness means rust. Some people take indolence for patience, but the two are very different. Moreover, work secures for us the blessed

and mysterious gift of sleep, which cares and responsibility often steal away

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ¹ Oh sleep, oh gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ¹

Sleep has been well described as Nature's soft nurse, the mantle that covers thought, the food that appeases hunger, 10 the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, the coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king and the simple with the wise If the day is wisely spent, the night will bring sweet rest No doubt there may be times of trouble, trouble of mind or trouble of body, when the power of sleep leaves us I have gone through such a period myself, and most distressing it is But the great danger is lest one should be induced to obtain sleep by means of drugs That temptation should 20 be resisted at any cost, and if a sensible life is led, the blessed gift of sleep is sure ere long to be restored

We are all young again in our dreams Sleep seems to take the weight off our lives, a load off our spirit We float or fly lightly through the air of fancy, we see those we have lost, range over the world, not only free from limits of time or space, but from the trammels of reason, and soar into higher regions of fancy, catching mysterious gleams of a higher, and even better, world

30 In sleep our better selves to us return,
Untroubled by the passionate desires,
The evil thoughts that in the daytime burn,
And eat our hearts out with their baleful fires

¹ Shakespeare

To rest in peace is not so easy as it might seem. If in hours which ought to be hours of rest we allow the mind to brood over grievances, to dwell on difficulties, to harass itself with cares, and grieve over suffering and sorrows, we shall find leisure even more exhausting than work. A bad night takes more out of a man than a hard day's work. We should resolutely put all worrying thoughts away from us. No doubt it is difficult to put away cares and troubles, indeed, if we leave the mind empty they will force their way in, to keep out evil and sad thoughts we must fill 10 ourselves with good and cheerful ones. Some book about ancient history or prehistoric times, some work on geology or the remote regions of astronomy, some story of character or adventure will carry us away from the petty cares and troubles of everyday life. It is delightful in such times to escape from the present, its struggles and jealousies, and float away in the misty past or the distant regions of illimitable space.

To the seers and prophets of old revelation came generally by night, and in dreams, not in the brilliant and garish 20 light of day. We see most things by the light of the sun, and yet when night comes and the heavens are lit up by millions of stars, we find that the sun hides from us even more than it reveals. So now also, even in these (perhaps) prosaic times, it is not in the bright sunshine, but rather in the soft and mysterious moonlight, that we seem to get glimpses of the infinite.

CHAPTER III

THE MIND

WONDERFUL as is the body, it is but a temple for the soul
 The soul is not only more than the body, it is more than
 the whole world to each of us We must not indeed
 depreciate the body, for

Body and soul together make up man

And "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in
 reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how
 express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in
 apprehension how like a god!"¹

- 10 It is indeed a glorious privilege to be a man No doubt
 in one sense we are a mere combination of chemical in-
 gredients, and a man's daily labour has been estimated at
 the equivalent of 4 lbs of coal Many writers no doubt
 describe a man in most contemptuous terms The shortness
 of life is a favourite theme both of poets and philosophers

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain
 Thou art gone, and for ever²

- 20 The Bible compares life to a dream, a sleep, a shadow, a
 vapour, to water spilt on the ground, to a tale that is told
 Life, moreover, is described as not only short but con-
 temptible To Buddha all life seemed sorrow "Birth is
 sorrow, old age is sorrow, disease is sorrow, union with one
 whom we do not love is sorrow, separation from one whom

¹ Shakespeare

² Scott

we do love is sorrow, in short, our five bonds with the things of the earth are sorrow "

Homer makes Apollo say ¹ that

To combat for mankind,
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind
 For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth,
 Like yearly leaves, that now with beauty crowned,
 Smile on the sun, now wither on the ground
 To their own hands commit the frantic scene, 10
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean

And yet many of those who grumble at the world complain very inconsistently also of being obliged to leave it They torment themselves with the haunting certainty that

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
 Await alike the inevitable hour,—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave ²

They explain this, however, by the excuse that 20

Death in itself is nothing, but we fear
 To be we know not what, we know not where ³

In fact it is not so much the advancing glacier of inevitable death that is feared, as what comes after

The dread of something after death,
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, 30
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ⁴

¹ Pope's *Homer*

³ Dryden

² Gray

⁴ Shakespeare

No doubt the views of death are very different "It is the wish of some, the relief of many, the end of all" Many dread the actual pain, but death is often easy,¹ especially in old age

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there ²

Others console themselves with the faith that

There is no death ' what seems so is transition
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death ³

10

"When Socrates expressed a serene conviction that to die was to gain, even if death were nothing more than an untroubled and dreamless sleep, 'Milton,' said Macaulay, 'thought otherwise

Sad cure ' For who would lose
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity "

I once thought with Milton, but every day brings me nearer and nearer to the doctrine here laid down by Socrates' "

In any case, when death comes we must meet it in the spirit of Socrates, who in his glorious *Apologia* did not speak as a man condemned to death, but as one about to ascend into heaven

The two views of man—(1) that he is little lower than the angels, (2) that he is little higher than the beasts that perish—are not contradictory and inconsistent statements They are two alternatives The choice is put before every one on entering life Every one as he chooses may be noble and good, or vile and contemptible We are men,

¹ Seneca² Dryden³ Longfellow.

and masters of our fate We can make ourselves weak, wicked, and miserable, or strong, good, trustworthy, and happy A glorious privilege, but also a tremendous responsibility for each one of us We may raise our soul into the Holy of Holies, or debase it to the nethermost Hell If man is contemptible, this is as he has made himself not as he might have been, not as he was meant to be

When they start in life, children are "little lower than the angels" In the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was 10 before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun" Well, then, has it been said, not only that we should love, but that we should honour all men, at any rate all men who do not dishonour themselves

Children, indeed, while young are very much in the power of those with whom they live, and all those who are thrown with them, especially parents and teachers, have a great responsibility The mind of a child is a blank page, on which we can write almost what we like, but when we have once written, the ink is almost indelible The 20 example we set is almost as important as, if not more important than, the lesson we teach We all owe much not only to our parents and teachers, but to the ages which have gone before

Man is indeed a marvellous mixture of the animal and the angel Too many unfortunately degrade themselves not only below the angels, but even below the animals To preserve the soul in purity we must, as far as possible, keep the body in health

In speaking of man, as the law says, I include woman 30 But something also must be said specially of her If in man perhaps the mind is stronger—and I only say perhaps—in woman the light of the soul is certainly brighter

What strength is to man, beauty is to woman But like other great gifts, beauty is not an unmixed benefit, and often indeed is no benefit at all All women may be beautiful, if they choose It has been said that a woman cannot choose whether she shall be beautiful at twenty, but it is her own fault if she is not beautiful by the time she is fifty Moreover, however beautiful she is at twenty, it does not follow that she will be beautiful for long

- 10 Women have inspired not only the kind hearts and warm blood of poets, but the comparatively cool brains of prose-writers Poets have naturally been even more enthusiastic than prose writers Herbert Spencer thought that they had conspired together to ruin women by flattery, and it really almost seems so I need not, indeed, go back to ancient times Beginning with Chaucer

In her living maidens might read
As in a book, every good word and deed
That longeth to a maiden virtuous
20 For which the fame outsprang on every side,
Both of her nature and her bounty wide,
That through the land they praised her, each one
That loved virtue ¹

Ben Jonson in his epitaph on Elizabeth

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did shelter give
To more virtue than doth live

Speaking of our mother Eve, Milton assures us that

- 30 Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love ²

¹ Chaucer

² Milton

"She ever moved," says Sir H Taylor of one of his heroines, "as if she moved to music" Or take Waller's beautiful lines when speaking of a lady's girdle

A narrow compass ' and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair '
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round

Blake is equally enthusiastic

So when she speaks the voice of Heaven I hear,
So when she walks, nothing impure comes near ,
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat,
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet ¹

10

One of the most charming heroines in fiction is Draupadi, in the great Indian Epic, the *Mahabharata* She was taken prisoner by King Duryodhan, who wished to marry her, and when she scornfully refused he vindictively ordered her to be stripped of her clothing in public She prayed to Krishna, and as fast as one garment was removed another was found under it, until at last there was one which could not be removed, and Duryodhan, ashamed of 20 his meanness, cancelled the order

But none can excel the panegyric of Solomon

- 10 Who can find a virtuous woman ?
For her price is far above rubies
- 11 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,
So that he shall have no need of spoil
- 12 She will do him good, and not evil,
All the days of her life
- 19 She layeth her hands to the spindle,
And her hands hold the distaff
- 20 She stretcheth out her hand to the poor ,
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy

30

¹ Blake

- 25 Strength and honour are her clothing ,
 And she shall rejoice in time to come
 26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom ,
 And in her tongue is the law of kindness
 27 She looketh well to the ways of her household,
 And eateth not the bread of idleness
 28 Her children arise up, and call her blessed ,
 Her husband also, and he praiseth her
 29 Many daughters have done virtuously,
 10 But thou excellest them all
 30 Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain ,
 But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised

If women can so inspire men for good or evil, what greater power can they desire?

Every one may be great if he chooses. In fact, every man is great unless he chooses to make himself small. He is great in his powers, great in his opportunities, in his privileges, in his blessings, he is small if he gives way to his passions, to prejudices, to temptation. To be a true
 20 man is more than to be a king, who is not a true man. The greatest glory is not to be master of others, but of oneself. To serve well is as honourable as to rule well.

What is it which constitutes a man? It is not his rank, or his house, or his money, or his clothes, but his character. Moreover, at different ages we seem to be different beings. It is said that the child is father to the man. But this is by no means in all cases applicable. It is often difficult to believe that there is any relationship between them.

We might all so arrange our lives, if we cared to do so,
 30 that it might be said of us as of Cassio

He hath a daily beauty in his life ¹

Life, no doubt, is a great mystery. "I was born without knowing why, I have lived without knowing how, and I am

¹Shakespeare, *Othello*

dying without knowing why or how"—says a great writer "Man is himself the most wonderful object in nature, for a man cannot conceive the nature of his body, still less of his mind, and least of all how a body can be united with a mind. This is the height of difficulty for him, and yet it is himself"¹

But though a man is an angel, he is an incarnate angel. His higher nature imposes on him serious responsibilities, his lower origin enjoins corresponding humility. Both physically and morally we are at times but poor creatures. 10

It must be admitted that man is in one sense poor and weak and foolish. But yet he has weighed the earth, he has measured the height of mountains, sounded the depths of the ocean, ascertained the distances of the planets, the sun, and some of the nearer stars. He has weighed and measured the heavenly bodies, determined their movements and velocities, and even, most wonderful of all, has ascertained their chemical composition.

The mind no doubt may lift itself above the passions and impurities of earth, but it seems as impossible for the soul 20 as for the body to free itself altogether from the limitations of our earthly existence, and raise itself altogether from earth to heaven. Yet we may do much, and if we do our best we may hope that we shall be, in the noble words of Milton "Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages"

¹ Pascal

CHAPTER IV

ASPIRATION

THE late Sir James Stephen in a lecture to young men once said that he could put his suggestions in one word—
Aspire

That was very good advice But what should the aspiration be? Not to grasp at everything, and try to rise above everybody! That would be a very unworthy aim but to raise oneself above oneself—not above others, but as far as possible with others Those who profess to despise the good opinion of others, seldom deserve it It is well to
10 aim high lest we fall low It is impossible not to commit errors, but it is quite possible to do one's best to prevent oneself from doing so Some people seem to expect that opportunities should find them, instead of their finding opportunities

What should our aspirations be? We must think of others as well as of ourselves Being, as we are, citizens of a great Empire, we may well bear in mind the old Athenian oath “I will not dishonour my sacred shield, I will not abandon my fellow-soldier in the ranks, I will do battle for
20 our altars and our homes, whether aided or unaided I will leave our country not less, but greater and nobler than she is now entrusted to me”

We may, and indeed we ought, to desire the respect of our countrymen and contemporaries, but the craving for glory is a temptation and a danger “An inordinate passion for glory, as I have already observed, is likewise to be guarded against, for it deprives us of liberty, the only

prize for which men of elevated sentiments ought to contend Power is so far from being desirable in itself, that it sometimes ought to be refused, and sometimes to be resigned We should likewise be free from all disorders of the mind, from all violent passion and fear, as well as languor, voluptuousness, and anger, that we may possess that tranquillity and security which confer alike consistency and dignity " 1

Many envy the rich and powerful They are supposed to be fortunate, that they can buy what they like, and do 10 what they wish But to be fortunate is not necessarily to be happy The satisfaction of rising is greater than that of having risen If we had nothing to wish for, nothing to aspire to, half the zest and interest of life would be gone

Those who are "born in the purple" have indeed many advantages, but they pay dearly for them They have little to wish for, and much to fear Not only is their time—their precious time—frittered away in endless and tedious ceremonials involving constant dressing and un- 20 dressing, an interminable succession of interviews, levees, reviews, council meetings, public meetings, public or semi-public dinners, and deputations, not only must they be on their guard against flatterers, and against even more temptations than assail those less eminent, but their cares and responsibilities weigh heavily on them "Uneasy," says Shakespeare, "lies the head that wears a crown" They are exposed to temptations from which those in humbler positions are comparatively exempt Again, how many kings have been dethroned, how many banished, how many 30 have fallen victims, some perhaps justly, but many without fault of their own, to traitors and assassins !

When a certain king wrote to a philosopher to consult him on the education of his children, the philosopher began his reply with these words, "If I had been so unfortunate as to have been born a prince"

It is better to be in prison with a clear conscience and a mind at peace, than even on the most brilliant throne with care and anxiety, and, of course, all the more if it has been acquired by fraud or force

10 Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage,
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty ¹

Moreover, if rising is anxious, falling is painful, and many, in the words of Milton, have

20 Rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all

Those who are on a pinnacle are always in danger of a catastrophe. We all know how dizzy it is to stand on a precipice, and what an irresistible impulse many, perhaps most, men have to throw themselves over. A great position in life, raised on a height above other men, has something of the same effect on the mind. Many might have walked safely and creditably on a low path, to whom elevation has been fatal.

It may be true, though I doubt it, that

30 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name,²

¹ Richard Lovelace

² Scott

and that it is a grand thing to

Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm ¹

Still one may buy gold too dear, and "it is a bad bargain to lose control over one's own actions and time, in order to gain power over others, it is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty, to seek power over others, and to lose power over oneself" ²

Moreover, riches, honours, and power unfit a man for enjoying some of the true blessings of life While deprecating ambition, there is a despairing regret in Wolsey's lament

Farewell ' a long farewell, to all my greatness '
This is the state of man to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do ³

Those whose aspiration is for power cannot hope for peace, 20 and those who wish for a quiet and peaceful life must not look for greatness "There is no pleasant way from earth to the stars" ⁴ "There is not on earth so painful a profession as that of making a great name for oneself, life is finished when the work is scarcely more than begun" Too much anxiety for success often defeats its own object

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other side ⁵

Moreover, "you need not be solicitous about power, nor strive after it If you be wise and good, it will follow you 30 though you should not wish it" ⁶ It is better to stand safe

¹ Addison

² Bacon

³ Shakespeare

⁴ Seneca

⁵ Shakespeare

⁶ King Alfred



on the solid rock of virtue than on the slippery and fragile ice of fortune

Success in almost any career requires hard work It is not to be obtained by sudden rushes and spasmodic exertions Quiet, steady, and determined perseverance is the necessary condition of progress The Alpine climber scales the mountains by firm, steady steps, without haste, but without faltering Perseverance is one of the secrets of success

If you cannot leave wealth or a high station to your
10 children, you can at least leave them a good name "If, therefore, a man is unable to defend causes, to entertain the people by haranguing, or to wage war, yet still he ought to do what is in his power, he ought to practise justice, honour, generosity, modesty, and temperance, that what is wanting may be the less required of him Now, the best inheritance a parent can leave a child—more excellent than any patrimony—is the glory of his virtue and his deeds, to bring disgrace on which ought to be regarded as wicked and monstrous" ¹

20 Every one, however, who does his best in life, however humble his lot may be, does something to leave the world better than he found it, whereas many of the rich and powerful throw their influence into the wrong scale, and do more harm than good

Socialists generally defend their policy by the argument that the present state of things is unsatisfactory and indefensible But we may feel this without being Socialists Socialism is fatal to individual enterprise and to freedom As an economical problem it is foredoomed to failure It
30 would check production and thus reduce the supply of food and other necessaries, But what is worse is that it implies implicit submission to the decrees of the State, &c of State

officials What led to the tyranny and eventual ruin of the Roman and other Empires? Some of the chiefs were able and excellent men Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus Pius and others were proverbial for wisdom and virtue But such a State is an organised bureaucracy If the State is to undertake the responsibility of feeding and clothing and housing us, we must eat what is provided, wear what is supplied us, live where we are sent, and do what we are told We shall have no choice left us, either for ourselves or our children We shall no longer select 10 our own profession or theirs, this will be done for us by the clerk of the local council or one of his employees This is bureaucracy, or rather slavery, and is incompatible with economical production, with progress, or with freedom We cannot, therefore, look for improvement in that direction But I believe we shall avoid these dangers, and am firmly convinced that the world will advance

The ancients seem to have had no idea of progress They pictured the golden age as in the past We hope and believe that it is in the future The progress of science 20 in the last century has been simply marvellous It has enabled us not only to weigh and measure, but even to analyse the stars, to descend to the recesses of the earth and the abysses of the ocean, to watch the rise of mountains, the formation of valleys, and to explain the direction of rivers, it has enabled us to span great rivers, it has given us a guide over the trackless ocean, it has increased the speed of travel, and annihilated distance so far as communication is concerned, it has given us light, it has relieved suffering, and found remedies for pain, it has 30 lengthened life, and added immensely to the interest of existence, to it we owe our knowledge of bygone ages, and the very idea of progress in those to come.

The last century was most interesting, full of unexpected and far-reaching discoveries and inventions railways and steamers, telegraphs and photography, gas, petroleum, and electric light, spectrum analysis, the Röntgen rays, the discovery of many simple substances, culminating in that of radium, the telephone and the phonograph, the liquefaction of air and even of hydrogen, the far-reaching discoveries of Darwin, the foundation of geology, the discovery of anæsthetics and the antiseptic treatment, constitute a
 10 glorious galaxy of marvellous discoveries, to which no other century can afford a parallel And what is true of material or physical science holds good with almost equal force in the realms of theory and of morals We may almost include in it the advantage of free trade and of the importance of education, the purification of religion, the abolition of the belief in witchcraft, which hung so long like a black pall over the intellect of Europe, the contributions to art and literature It is sometimes said that science is prosaic, but geologists have shown us more
 20 wonderful things in the depths of the earth than Homer or Virgil ever imagined, and the modern views of the origin of volcanoes have revealed to us much more marvellous conceptions than the mere workshop of Vulcan

This being so, we cannot but ask ourselves whether the century which is now commencing is likely to endow us with results as far-reaching The late Lord Derby—certainly one of our wisest statesmen—thought that this could not be hoped, but though I differ from so great an authority with much hesitation, still I cannot help thinking
 30 that there are strong reasons for looking forward to the future with hope If, indeed, the world was fairly well known to us, if our knowledge bore any considerable proportion to what we do not yet know, but have still to

learn, the case would be different. But what we know is an absolutely infinitesimal fraction of what we do not know. There is no single substance in Nature the uses and the properties of which are yet completely known to us. There is no animal or plant the whole life-history of which we have yet unravelled. We are surrounded by forces and influences of which we understand nothing, and which we are as yet but dimly commencing to perceive. We live in a world of mystery, which we darken rather than explain by the use of a number of terms which we 10 can neither define nor explain. Then, amongst others, there are three special reasons which seem fully to justify the hopes that inspire me. In the first place, the continual improvements in our instruments and apparatus, and the invention of new instruments of research, secondly, the increased number of workers, though we may still say that the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few, and thirdly, that as the sunshine of discovery bursts through the clouds of ignorance, as the bright light of science pierces through the mist and mystery which 20 surround us, with the continually increasing circle of light, so the possibilities of future progress are continually increasing. Every discovery which is made suggests fresh lines of inquiry, opens the door and paves the way to still more marvellous and unexpected triumphs.

Our children are now commencing their career under eminent teachers, and have great advantages and opportunities, most sincerely do I hope, and indeed believe, that in the triumphal progress of science which I foresee—which they, I hope, will see—many of them, and some, I 30 trust, of those nearest and dearest to me, may take an honourable part, and add to the sum of human knowledge. “Science has lengthened life, it has mitigated pain, it has

extinguished diseases, it has increased the fertility of the soil, it has given new securities to the mariner, it has furnished new arms to the warrior, it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers, it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth, it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day, it has extended the range of the human vision, it has multiplied the power of the human muscles, it has accelerated motion, it has annihilated
 10 distance, it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business, it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour [how much more we might now say] against the wind "1

Science is of vital importance in our life, it is more fascinating than a fairy tale, more brilliant than a novel,
 20 and any one who neglects to follow the triumphant march of discovery, so startling in its marvellous and unexpected surprises, so inspiring in its moral influence and its revelations of the beauties and wonders of the world in which we live, and the universe of which we form an infinitesimal—but, to ourselves at any rate, an all-important—part, is deliberately rejecting one of the greatest comforts and interests of life, one of the greatest gifts with which we have been endowed by Providence

But that is not all scientific men, it must be admitted,
 30 have hitherto met with but meagre encouragement—if any Indeed "the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon, the man who

¹ Macaulay

invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home”¹ “Yet if the invention of the ship,” says Bacon, “was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other !”

But what is progress? It does not consist in the 10 increase of exports and imports, commerce and machinery, railways and telegraphs, still less in conquests and annexations. The true prosperity of a nation does not depend on any of these things, but on the increase in the healthiness, happiness, and worthiness of the human beings of which it is composed, and it is a great privilege and a high aspiration that we may all in life contribute in some measure to this noble object

CHAPTER V

CONTENTMENT

HOWEVER bright the sun may be,—and we might say just because the sun is bright, there must be shadows,—the 20 world must have one side darker than the other. No doubt,

For ever to and fro
The tides of joy and grief athwart us flow ²

¹ Ruskin

² Pindar

But it is ungrateful to add that

For every good the gods bestow
They add a double share of woe ¹

A certain philosopher, who saw a man making great preparation to enjoy a feast, remarked "Does not a good man consider every day a feast?' Aye, every day is a feast, and a very great feast too, if we are only wise For the world is a most holy and divine temple into which man is introduced through his birth, not to be a spectator
10 of motionless images made by man's hand, but of those things which the Divine Mind has exhibited as the visible representations of what the mind alone can grasp, having innate in them the principle of life and motion, as the sun, moon, and stars, and rivers ever flowing with fresh water, and the earth sending up her sustenance to plants and animals Seeing, then, that life is a complete initiation into all these things, it ought to be full of ease and joyfulness But men do disgrace to the festivals which God has supplied us with and initiated us into, passing most of
20 their time in lamentation and gloominess of spirit, and distressing cares How is this? They will not even listen to the admonitions of others whereby they would be led to acquiesce in the present without repining, to remember the past with thankfulness, and to act for the future with gracious and cheerful hopes, without fear or suspicion" ²

If life is not a blessing, why is death regarded as an evil? And how few wish to die

30 No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever really wished for death ³

¹ Pindar

² Plutarch

³ Tennyson

Yet we find throughout literature innumerable and, as it seems to me, most unreasonable complaints The world is made out to be a place teeming with anxieties, racked with suffering, and so dark with gloom and sorrow, that "life protracted is protracted woe"¹

- . 'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known²

Even King Solomon, on whom blessings were showered 10
with such lavish profusion, complained

Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me for all is vanity and vexation of spirit

Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it unto the men that shall be after me

Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun

For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows, and his work is grief, yea, his heart 20
taketh not rest in the night This is also vanity

Lord Beaconsfield assures us that "youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret", and again "The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth" There seems a general impression that childhood is the age of innocence and happiness, and that life grows duller and gloomier with advancing years The poet Herrick takes the same line

That age is blest which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former

30

¹ Johnson

² *Old Song*

According to Shakespeare

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ,
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ,
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ,
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ,
 Youth is wild, and age is tame

10 Indeed, he generally disparages old age It is perhaps
 hardly fair to quote Macbeth when he says

My way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have , but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not

Macbeth no doubt had brought this punishment on
 20 himself On the other hand, this can hardly be said
 of the wonderful picture in the Seven Ages of Man, but
 it may be alleged that he is speaking then only of extreme
 old age

It is perhaps not surprising that Byron should share the
 same opinion In his ode "On my thirty-sixth year"—
 only his thirty-sixth !—he says

My days are in the yellow leaf ,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone ,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 30 Are mine alone ,

and elsewhere he asserts that man is

Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares,
 And reaped by Death, lord of the human soul

In his delightful ode on Eton College, Gray says

Ah, happy hills ' ah, pleasing shade '
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain '
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain '

But, alas ! how many throw away their advantages when embarking on the voyage of life

Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm ,
 pleasure being too often a reckless and extravagant squandering of advantages 10

On the other hand, some have been of opinion that childhood and old age are the two best parts of life—one being the age of innocence, the other of reason The happiness of childhood, however, depends on others, and especially on one's parents , that of old age on oneself

Childhood ought to be happy and free from care

Oh Spring ! the childhood of the year,
 Oh childhood ! the spring of life !

Happy, indeed, may the child be in a peaceful home, safe under the shelter of a loving mother and kind father, free 20 from care, full of health and spirits, strong in the spring of life, with fresh powers and ideas opening out every day Few pleasures in life are purer or more ethereal than that of a new idea Yet happier still the boy with higher hopes and nobler aspirations, full of reverent wonder as our beautiful world opens out before him, and he begins to realise the inestimable gift of life—the miracles and mystery of existence, and hopes that he is preparing himself to do something in his time Still happier the man full of strength, realising that difficulties are opportunities, that 30 sufferings are but warnings, enjoying or looking forward to the inestimable blessing, the prospect of a happy

marriage, which almost all may hope for who deserve it
 But the happiest time of all may be old age, time, in fact,
 if well used, gives more than it takes away, it leaves a
 man with loving children growing up around him, his
 work done, his labours over, no more cares or anxieties, for
 though our

Way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

yet we may hope, if we deserve it, for that which should
 10 accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

and happy in the consciousness that he has done something
 for his countrymen, something to raise the condition, to
 lighten the sorrows and sufferings, and increase the happi-
 ness of mankind

The inevitable approach of death is no reason, then, why
 old age should not be happy It has many special bless-
 ings, if we have not deprived ourselves of them by our own
 faults

20 We cannot prevent time writing wrinkles on the face,
 but we can prevent cares from writing wrinkles on the
 mind, and wrinkles on the face matter little so long as we
 have none on the mind

We cannot expect that life should be all pleasure

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good,
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills,
 To most he mingles both ¹

30 Our troubles, moreover, are even more fleeting than
 joys "Trouble passes as well as pleasure" But what a

¹ Pope's *Iliad*

mistake it is to "let melancholy jangle into discord the music of our lives" The question is whether we will accept our lot with cheerful gratitude or with gloomy submission

• Vain is the world, but only to the vain ¹

Pleasures and pain are closely interwoven in the web of life Every one has anxieties and sorrows, but many writers have greatly underestimated the blessings for which we have to be thankful

In considering, moreover, the gratitude we owe for the 10 great gift of life, we must first deduct from the sorrows, sufferings, and anxieties those we bring on ourselves by our own faults—by intemperance, ill-temper, and other vices These will be found to form a large proportion of the whole Moreover, we must also allow for avoidable mistakes, which can hardly be reckoned as sins, but are yet our own fault, and might have been escaped by reasonable prudence, study, or reflexion We must deduct from our troubles the misfortunes that never happen, reduce those which do, from our exaggerated apprehensions, to their real 20 dimensions, subtract those which are blessings in disguise, and last, not least, those which are imaginary, and we shall find that comparatively little is left I am far, indeed, from saying that we do not suffer from imaginary troubles, no doubt we do very much, though very unnecessarily They are by no means the least severe of our sufferings, but if we once realise that they are imaginary, that they have no real existence, we do much to free ourselves from their domination

The darkest shade in the sunshine of life is generally a 30 man's own shadow In life, sunshine and shadow succeed one another as quickly as in an April day Both are often

¹ Young

present at once Some things in our complex existence are going well, some ill Joy and sorrow, prosperity and care, peace at home and strife abroad, or strife at home and peace abroad, health and poverty, or wealth and suffering,—we have all in their turn, sometimes almost all together Whether, then, the net result is happiness or sorrow, depends on which elements we brood over If we turn our back upon our blessings and magnify our troubles, we make ourselves miserable, if we look to the sunshine and leave
10 the shadows behind us, we shall find that we have much to be thankful for, and in most cases that the good things are real, while what seem evils are but blessings in disguise, are warnings, or trials, or the difficulties which make the value of victory “There is no fool who is happy, and no wise man who is not”¹

It has been said that an Irishman is never at peace except when he is fighting, a Scotsman is never at home except when he is abroad, and an Englishman is never happy unless he is grumbling But grumbling is not
20 confined to our countrymen

Many people are difficult to please “I do not like leisure,” says one philosopher, “it is a desert I do not like a crowd, it is confusion”² He was more wisely inspired when he advised “Seek not that things should happen as you wish, but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life” Crying over troubles will not mend them, but to bear them with dignity and courage will do much to turn them into blessings It is wise to make the best and not the worst of
30 things Many, if not most, of our troubles we make for ourselves

Again, many misfortunes or apparent misfortunes are

¹ Cicero

² Epictetus

really blessings in disguise The loss of freedom is no doubt a severe misfortune, yet some of the great books of the world have been written in prison It was in the gaol at Bedford that Bunyan wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the finest allegories in the English language, if not the finest

Many, again, of our troubles are purely imaginary Most of us can remember occasions, and if memory is good, many occasions, on which we have made ourselves anxious and miserable about dangers and sorrows which never occurred after all

10

"I am an old man," says an author, "and have had many troubles most of them never happened" Many people treble their troubles, making three out of one, by looking forward, looking on, and looking back Troubles, moreover, grow mightily if you let yourself brood over them

One of the evils most complained of is death But it is evident that if life is misery, death must be a happy release, on the other hand, if death is a misfortune, life must be a blessing I do not say that it always is, but 20 it almost always is unless we ruin it ourselves Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV, on her death-bed said, "This is the only happy day of my life"

Too often it happens that we undervalue, or even entirely overlook, our blessings until we lose them

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is ¹

Nature is indeed bountiful, and

30

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens ²

¹ Cowper

² Shakespeare

When you have done your best, wait the result calmly and with hope Do not be anxious, it can do no good How little we really need ! " Alexander the Great lived to see a poor fellow in a tub, to whom there was nothing he could give, and from whom there was nothing he could take away " ¹

Few, happily, have cause for anxiety as regards the real necessities of life, for bread, water, meat, fruit, or house-
10 room But many are troubled about delicacies and
superfluities, carriages and horses, gold and precious stones,
for luxuries and appearances, making themselves anxious
and miserable lest they should be deprived of things which
they would perhaps be even happier and better without

Thrift, no doubt, is very wise It is well to lay up for
old age and for those who come after us, but it is even
more important to lay up stores of peaceful thoughts and
pleasant memories Joy and peace generally go together

" Who are thy playmates, boy ? "

20 " My favourite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The hvelong day
I love them both , but he
Is most to me "

" And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow ? "

" Alas ! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead
But I have wed
Peace , and our babe, a boy
New-born, is Joy " ²

30 Never let " melancholy mark you for her own " ³ Fight
against it vigorously It is no use trying to run away from
difficulties, they are sure to overtake you Face them
boldly and they will often vanish.

¹ Seneca

² *The Playmates*, by John R. Tabb

³ Sydney Smith

CHAPTER VI

ADVERSITY

LIFE is so complex, so full of changes, and affected by so many external influences, that we cannot expect to avoid vicissitudes and misfortunes

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ¹
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair ¹

The troubles of life may be divided into those which are real and those which only appear to be so. The latter may be warnings or they may be trials, they may be imaginary, 10 or at any rate trifling, they may be self-made, or, lastly, they may be punishments or even blessings in disguise

Pain is generally either a punishment or a warning. Were it not for pain we should all die young. Long before we grew up our flesh would be torn, gnawed away, burnt, or destroyed in one of the numerous dangers to which flesh is subject. In endless ways pain compels care and forces us to remedial measures. In business, small losses teach prudence.

Other troubles are trials or opportunities. Difficulties, which are misfortunes to the foolish, are often opportunities 20 to the wise.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,
And thus our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything ²

¹ Longfellow

² Shakespeare

Wealth and power are great temptations. Possibly some of the worst Roman Emperors might have been useful citizens, and would not have led such wretched and abominable lives, or ended in such miserable deaths, if they had not been cursed with unlimited wealth and absolute power.

One of the uses of adversity is as a test of friendship. Adversity often draws friends together, it brings out the good points of those who have good points to bring out, 10 it shows us who are really our friends and who are not. In national affairs misfortunes often brace and unite a people.

The darker the night the brighter the stars. Clouds lighten up the sky, the fogs and smoke of cities darken the day, and make life gloomy to those who have not learnt to make it bright for themselves, but they make glorious sunsets for those who have eyes to see.

This is not a world in which any one should be easily discouraged. Huxley was one of our most brilliant as well 20 as most suggestive lecturers. Yet he has told us that at first he suffered from almost every fault that a speaker could have. After his first Royal Institution lecture he received an anonymous letter recommending him never to try again, as, whatever else he might be fit for, it was certainly not for giving lectures. It is also said that after one of his first lectures, "On the Relation of Animals and Plants," before another Society in the country, a general desire was expressed to the Council that they would never invite that young man to lecture again. 30 Quite late in life he told me, and John Bright said the same thing, that he was always nervous when he rose to speak, though the feeling soon wore off when he warmed up to his subject. Mr Disraeli's first speech in

the House of Commons, as is well known, was an absolute failure

Other troubles are imaginary, or at any rate trifling. The worst misfortunes are those that never happen. How often we make ourselves miserable about things which are really of no importance.

Many of our troubles we make for ourselves. The real sorrows and anxieties of life, the illnesses, the faults, or the loss of those we love, come happily but seldom. We suffer, if not so acutely, still more continuously from the hurry, the flurry, and worry which we unnecessarily bring on ourselves.

Another way in which many add to the troubles and fatigues of life is by meddling with what does not concern them. A wise man used to say that of those who failed in business, the majority did so because they could not sit still in a room.

"It is an honour," said Solomon, "for a man to cease from strife, but a fool will always be meddling." If you could let men go their way, they would let you go yours. 20

Troubles which are the consequence of errors, or the punishment of sin, may be classed among those we have brought on ourselves, and of which we have no right to complain. It is not poverty, not sickness, not suffering, which makes life unhappy, but pride and ambition, selfishness and sin.

Lastly, many supposed troubles are really blessings in disguise. Sorrow firmly met and bravely borne, raises and ennobles us. Like the cold and snows of winter it braces up the constitution. 30

"No man," said Seneca, "was ever broken by adversity who was not first betrayed by prosperity." The icy chill of misfortune may freeze the surface of life, but the living

stream flows on cheerfully below Prosperity has ruined more than adversity, and did not God

Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request ¹

An old Chinese philosopher said "A violent wind will not outlast the morning A pouring rain will not outlast the day Who are they that make these but heaven and earth? And, if heaven and earth cannot continue such things long, how much more will this be the case with 10 man?" Indeed, one should never despair

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day ²

If things look hopeless, a man may console himself with the reflection that

I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower ³

Many would rather be poor and hopeful that they will be rich, than rich and fearful of being poor Moreover, if hope often leads to loss, timidity will sometimes do the 20 same There is a time to be bold and a time to be cautious, the difficulty is to know which is before us If in doubt it is wisest to do nothing It is at least easy to do nothing, and by no means easy to undo anything

"Fortune is often represented as blind, but in reality it is we that are blind, not Fortune, because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty" ⁴ Good fortune is really, however, more difficult to bear than bad Misfortunes require only one 30 virtue—patience prosperity will ruin almost any one,

¹ H More

³ Butler

² Shakespeare

⁴ Sir T Browne

unless he has prudence, caution, temperance, unselfishness, charity, and several other virtues

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once ¹

The proper spirit with which to meet misfortune is, as Milton said on the loss of his sight, when he felt almost inclined to despair at his misfortune, and at "the loss of wisdom, at one entrance quite shut out"

Yet, I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, or bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward 10

We should endeavour to

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong ²

And we shall often find that, meeting misfortune in this spirit,

Out of the nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety

We should

Beware of desperate steps ' the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away ³ 20

It is perhaps cold comfort to the individual or individuals directly affected, but many an apparent misfortune has proved a blessing in the long-run. Floods bring fertility, volcanoes have enriched whole districts. The great fire was no unmixed misfortune for London. Even take the destruction of Pompeii. So far as the material city is concerned, preservation would be a more correct description. It has been truly observed that "many a calamity has happened in the world, but never one that has 30

¹ Shakespeare

² Longfellow

³ Cowper

caused so much entertainment to posterity as this one I scarcely know of anything that is more interesting" "It may be that a man is at times horribly threshed by misfortunes, public and private, but the reckless flail of fate, when it beats the rich sheaves, crushes only the straw the corn feels nothing of it, and dances merrily on the floor, careless whether its way is to the mill or the furrow"¹

The furnace of adversity often purifies a man, and separates the good metal of his nature from the dross by
10 which it was obscured

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

Therefore take no thought for the morrow for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof

CHAPTER VII

KINDNESS

No one gets angry with children, we all make allowances for those who are out of health, and "to say nothing but good of the dead" is a proverb the truth of which we all admit But why should not this merciful principle be
20 extended to others also? We know what they have done, but we do not know the temptations they have resisted, the evil influences which have surrounded them "To know all, is to pardon all"²

"We should make excuses for children because they are young, for women because they are weak, for rulers

¹ Goethe

² Madame de Staël

because they have to make many decisions, and cannot avoid some mistakes, for good men, because they mean kindly, for bad ones, because they are much to be pitied, and have a miserable future before them " ¹

When the Greek philosopher Thales was asked what was the hardest and what was the easiest thing to do, he said the hardest thing was to learn to know one's self, the easiest, to find fault with the doings of other people

Every one should think of his own duties and not dwell on what others ought to do, should be gentle and indulgent ¹⁰ to every one except himself It is better to think of the merits of your enemies than of the defects of your friends

And if you cannot make yourself all that you wish,

How can you bring another to your will ?

If you would have men bear with you,

Bear you with them ²

We often complain of the faults of others, but we suffer, after all, much more from our own They do us much more harm And yet how we love them ¹ We will give up almost anything else We let ourselves be reprimanded, ²⁰ despised, punished, we will suffer much, risk much, lose much, if we can only keep those precious treasures

For our own peace of mind, if for no higher reason, we should try to think no evil, to take a charitable view of the faults and failings of those we live with, to put a favourable construction on what they say and do, to make allowances for their difficulties, minimise their faults, and appreciate their good qualities We are not perfect ourselves, and cannot expect others to be so It is as reasonable to be angry at the faults and eccentricities of others as at storms ³⁰ or bad weather, our anger will not alter the latter, and can only make the former worse. To inflict an injury on

¹ Seneca

² Thomas a Kempis

another does one more harm than to receive one oneself. In trying to avenge an injury or an insult, which was perhaps imaginary, we begin a quarrel which need never have occurred. Those who live around us may be, and perhaps often are, very trying, but it is more often our own fault than we are disposed to admit. Even when it is not, it is a trial, there is a difficulty to be overcome, a victory to be achieved, a friend to be won.

The man who has no sympathy does not deserve any
 10 If you are cold to others, they will probably be cold to you, but even if not, their love will not brighten your life, because you do not deserve it. It will not warm your heart, but will heap coals of fire on your head. The man who puts up a fence, fences out more than he fences in. If we do not love others, their love cannot reach us. If we cannot ourselves love, we cannot appreciate love. If we do not deserve it, we shall not enjoy it, and our hearts will still remain icy cold, for, like ice, they may be melted away but cannot be warmed. To look at things from the point
 20 of view of "We" makes life brighter and more interesting. The care of the "I" is a poor and selfish life after all, thought for the care of the "We" makes it richer, fuller, and nobler.

Nor is this only a duty. One of the truest and purest pleasures of life is to help others. But to help people we must understand them, and above all we must love them. The impulse to do good, if not wisely directed, may often do harm. It is impossible to benefit others by mere good will without good judgment, founded on knowledge and
 30 experience.

As regards the poor, the great object should be to make them more independent. The great danger is of making them more dependent. It is no doubt a good thing to

make people comfortable, but, after all, character is more than comfort Alms, if unwise, are really cruel The discipline of Nature to those who do not look below the surface may seem cruel, but is really true kindness Charity is oftener blind than deaf

I gave a beggar from my little store
 Of well earned gold He spent the shining ore
 And came again, and yet again, still cold
 And hungry as before
 I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine 10
 He finds himself a Man, supreme, divine,
 Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,
 And now he begs no more

Charity, then, is a most difficult problem It is, of course, easy to give, but it is not easy to give money without taking away self-respect and self-reliance We should aim "not merely at alleviating want, but at creating independence"¹ If we make our pensioners more helpless, we do them far more harm than good, we lower instead of raising them On the other hand, we need never grudge affection The 20 supply is not limited, there is enough for all The more we give, the more we have to give "The intellect is finite, but the affections are infinite, and cannot be exhausted"²

Moreover, we have each of us only a certain amount of money to spend In matters of charity, what we give to the undeserving we cannot give to the deserving, if out of kindness we give employment to a bad man, some good man must go with less employment, if we give money to a man who drinks, we encourage drunkenness In this, 30 money differs from sympathy and kindness, they are inexhaustible, like the widow's cruse

¹ Bacon² Longfellow

It is not wise, nor in the long-run is it kind, to tax the thrifty for the thriftless, the good for the sake of the good-for-nothing. To do so impoverishes the one, and does nothing for the other. "If we wish to promote progress in the future we must retain the relation which Providence has instituted between conduct and its consequences" ¹

We must remember, however, the deplorable weakness of poor human nature, and how tempting it is to most men to be as lazy as they dare. It is easy to make people more
 10 helpless, to help them to help themselves is far more difficult. But if alms are often a doubtful kindness, charity, in the true sense, is never out of place. It may be wrong to give money, it is never wrong to give help, time, thought, and kindness. If it is wrong sometimes to give, it is never wrong to forgive, and, what is often more difficult, to forget.

Among the last words of Alfred the Great were "Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Then shalt the Lord
 20 love thee, and God Himself shall be thy great reward." On the other hand, the great source of unhappiness is selfishness, but for that we should have little to trouble ourselves about. If we bear in mind the troubles of others, we shall often find that we have almost forgotten our own.

No doubt affection which is not shown, however much it may benefit oneself, and that is something, is little advantage to the beloved. But if affection is shown, it is invaluable. How much do most of us—and I speak with
 30 loving gratitude—owe to a mother's care, inspiration, and above all to her love. Sir Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, when asked what had made him a great painter, said it was "a kiss from my mother."

¹ Spinoza

We are told that another great painter, Rubens, by one stroke of his brush, converted a laughing into a crying child. In another sense it is not necessary to be a great artist to effect such a change, nor is a blow necessary. A harsh word will do it !

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
 Finds mark the archer little meant !
 And many a word at random spoken
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken !¹

And, on the other hand, a word spoken in season may 10

Minister to a mind diseased,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart.²

We should

Smile on the weak, be to her merits kind,
 And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.³

To love is even better than to be loved. Kindness will do 20 more, especially with children, than severity.

Do not expect too much of others. We often disappoint ourselves, so we must expect to be disappointed by others.

One of the noblest prerogatives of God is the power to forgive sins. In a sense, however, we all have this privilege, it is not the power, but the will that is wanting. If any one is harsh or unkind they do you an injury in one way, but in another they confer on you the divine prerogative of forgiveness.

To revenge oneself is human, to forgive is divine. If we 30 do not ourselves forgive others, how can we expect God to forgive us? A soft answer often "turneth away wrath",

¹ Sir W. Scott

² Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

³ Prior

a sarcastic or angry one will only inflame and embitter it. If you take revenge, to use a common colloquial expression, you may perhaps "get even" with your enemy, but if you forgive, you rise superior to him, and perhaps convert him into a friend. Moreover, in studying to revenge ourselves we brood over our grievances, and thus increase and prolong our sufferings, keeping the wounds green, and preventing them from healing healthily. In trying to injure another you may fail, but you are sure to wound
10 yourself

Why should we look out for, dwell upon, and even magnify the faults of others? Every one has good points, if we would only look for them. "Seek and ye shall find" if you look for what is good, you will find it everywhere. Sometimes, indeed, even the foibles of a friend make him more lovable, at any rate they make him more human.

We are surprised and disappointed if people are not kind, and do not make allowances for us, no wonder, then,
20 they expect us to be kind and indulgent to them.

That writer was certainly wrong who laid it down that "no man on God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Relations and friends have done much for me, for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful. Moreover, the more we do, the more we can do.

It may be true in some cases that

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,¹

but still more often, indeed generally, both the good and
30 bad live after us.

Gold and silver may supply us with the necessaries of life, with food and drink, clothes and houses, but they

¹Shakespeare

cannot give the joy of a kind look, nor can poverty wound and poison like a harsh word

To be kind is not, indeed, always easy Mere gifts, especially of money, though often useful, sometimes do more harm than good, especially when they are given from so-called charity, not from affection Presents, no doubt, are said to endear absents, but that is between friends and relations A fine old English proverb tells us truly that "welcome is the best cheer"

To every one, but especially to children,

10

Speak gently ' 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell ¹

A word once spoken cannot be recalled It may be apologised for, it may be regretted, but it is beyond our power

Now shall you wish, but wish in vain,
To call the fleeting word again

A wise man has described the difference between heaven and hell by saying that in heaven every one wants to give 20 all that he has to every one else, and that in hell every one wants to take away from others all they have

Without love and charity and peace of mind, we may be rich or strong or powerful, but we cannot be happy, without them heaven itself would not be heaven at all, with them, we may all be happy, every one makes himself an angel, and all our homes are heavens

Many people treasure up a grievance as if it were a great possession, they cherish it, and gloat over it till it grows and swells and gradually assumes an importance out 30 of all proportion to its origin The late Lord Derby told

¹ Langford

me that he had once promised a man a nomination to a particular office, and forgetting that he had done so, gave it to another. The first came and complained. Lord Derby remembered his promise, expressed his regret, and offered him a better appointment. The man, however, angrily refused, saying that he preferred to keep his grievance.

What is it that makes a home? Wealth and power may build a palace or a castle, but love alone can make a home, and, moreover, make the home a heaven.

Why should we ever be harsh or jealous, unkind or unforgiving? We not only make others unhappy, but ourselves also. Envy, again, is worse than the poison of a viper, which at least does not injure the reptile itself. If we made allowances for one another, if we helped one another, if we were kind and courteous to one another, if we loved one another, how happy the world would be! "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

CHAPTER VIII

ON FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

SOME people take much trouble to make enemies It is a sad waste of time Enemies make themselves quickly enough—generally too quickly No doubt a wise enemy is less dangerous than a foolish friend Still it is but rarely that an enemy is of any use, generally the reverse is the case Moreover, those who are useful are never those we make for ourselves Unquestionably, however, enemies have their uses For instance, they often warn us of faults, against which a mistaken kindness might prevent our own friends from warning us Then too, an enemy is an 10 enemy There is no doubt or misunderstanding possible Friends are not always sincere, enemies always are But professed friends are sometimes the bitterest and most dangerous foes A great general, when taking leave of his king to join the army that he commanded in the field, is said to have begged the king to “defend me from my friends, I can protect myself from my enemies”

“An old friend is like old wine, which, when a man hath drunk, he doth not desire new, because he saith the old is better”¹ But every old friend was new once, and if he be 20 worthy, keep the new one till he becomes old

One of the greatest pleasures of life is the association with kindred spirits, one of the greatest trials is loneliness But loneliness of space is nothing compared to loneliness of spirit The pain of losing friends shows how much we owed to their presence

¹ Jeremy Taylor

It is difficult to make a true friend, and when made the treasure should be carefully kept

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ¹

Keep them under thine own life's key Friendship is doubly blessed, it renders prosperity more brilliant, and adversity more bearable Cherish true friends, help them, work for them, defend them, stand up for them if attacked, rejoice with them if they prosper, sympathise with them
10 in evil times, console them if they are in trouble

The Arabs think it unpardonable treachery to attack a man who has eaten your salt, and so it is Though the Romans had a proverb that many bushels of salt must be eaten before a real friendship could be formed, if you are not going to treat a man as a friend, do not invite him to your house

It is better to see imaginary charms and virtues in a friend, than to overlook merits or magnify faults But while we may reasonably hope much from our friends, we
20 must not expect anything wrong or dishonourable, nor can they ask any such assistance from us

We are far, I think, from realising how much the humblest may do to brighten the lives of others

How far that little candle throws his beams ¹
So shines a good deed in a naughty world ²

The candid friend has a proverbially evil name But in such cases there is perhaps more candour than friendship A true friend will not, if necessary, shrink from warning "Any man," said Gladstone, "can stand up to his
30 opponents give me the man who can stand up to his friends" Such occasions, however, are happily rare But

¹ Shakespeare

² *Ibid*

friendship should certainly be a support to virtue, not an encouragement to vice

There are few greater pleasures in life than the acquisition of a new idea. Even apart from the delightful companionship of those we love, the intercourse of mind with mind is most interesting. Argument, however, is always rather dangerous. It often has the very opposite effect from what is intended. Not, perhaps, that the sentiments shock so much, but the mode of expression, even when courteously intended, may sound dictatorial or even insulting. More- 10
over, the more thoroughly we are persuaded of any thing the more we may seem to insinuate that any one who differs must be either ignorant or stupid. To speak with confidence seems to imply that difference is unreasonable. To show any temper is, of course, fatal. It is therefore but seldom that it is possible to convince any one by argument.

Half the quarrels in the world are misunderstandings. A word misheard or misunderstood, a thoughtless sentence maliciously repeated, and perhaps repeated incorrectly, an 20
expression meant in joke, and taken in earnest, a remonstrance meant in kindness, and taken in dudgeon—meant well and taken ill—have destroyed many friendships, and embittered many lives.

To make the most of society requires some tact and consideration. A man who would be most interesting on history may, and very likely will, have nothing worth hearing to say on art and science, another, who would be most interesting on science, may be as dull as can be on art or history.

30

If we prepare ourselves with some suitable questions, there are very few whom it would not be an interest and advantage to meet. Moreover, there are many who can

assimilate and remember what they hear, much more satisfactorily than what they read

For most men the town has irresistible attractions. Human beings are sociable, they love companionship. Men and women interest them more than animals and plants. They do not like being alone. The real way to enjoy the country is in the company of two or three congenial friends. But most people love a crowd. If they go into the country they keep together, on or near the
10 road, so that they miss the real delights of the country, for the birds and other animals are frightened away, any remaining flowers soon gathered, and probably thrown away. The exquisite beauty of scenery, of woods and fields and water, gives them little pleasure.

Philosophers, again, or at least the majority, prefer libraries and museums, and congenial conversation. Nor can it be denied that these are all delightful and dignified sources of happiness. "In friendship, the learned reckon the utmost pleasure and satisfaction in conversing and passing
20 time constantly with one another. What can be wanting to such a life as this, to make it more happy than it is?"¹

Those we have long lived with are, however, often in reality, still strangers. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy."² But this is not true of strangers only. How often those whom we thought we knew, suddenly astonish us?

Strangers yet¹

After years of life together,

After fair and stormy weather,

After travel in far lands,—

Why thus joined? Why ever met,

If they must be strangers yet?³

¹ Cicero

² Solomon

³ Lord Houghton

Unless we take care, life becomes very isolated. Unhappy is the man who feels that he has not one real friend, that he is "alone in chaos." As Keble said

Each in his hidden sphere, of joy and woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart

Bulwer Lytton expresses the same idea

Were you thinking how we, sitting side by side,
Might be dreaming miles and miles apart?
Or if lips could meet over a gulf so wide
As separates heart from heart ¹

10

Browning also refers to those who may for years have inhabited the same house, but are never able to enter the same room. We

Range the wide house from the wing to the centre
Still the same chance! She goes out as I enter!

The worst loneliness is loneliness of spirit. "Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."

No doubt there *are* times when it is well to be alone. When Princess Victoria was told that King William was dead, and that she was Queen, her first request was to be left two hours alone. But the whole value of solitude depends upon oneself; it may be a sanctuary or a prison, a haven of repose or a place of punishment, a heaven or a hell, as we ourselves make it. It is not every one who would share Cowper's wish

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more ²

30

¹ *The Wanderer*

² *The Task*

In one sense the absent are often nearer to us than those who are present. A crowd is not necessarily company, but neither need it necessarily prevent thought or disturb peace of mind. There are many, in Keble's beautiful words

Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,

Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat

- 10 "The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude" ¹

Conversation should be natural, sincere, and frank, but it cannot be interesting unless we take some pains to make it so. It is always well to consider what one can learn, rather than what we can teach. It was my privilege to know one of our greatest and ablest men of science, who was, however, curiously deficient in initiative, so far as conversation was concerned. Many regarded him as one of the most silent of men. I have seen him, over and over
20 again, sit through a dinner and scarcely say a word. But if you asked him anything about physical science, if you were—and who is not!—puzzled over any of the phenomena of Nature, you could not have a more delightful companion. It was a real privilege to sit next him. No one could explain more clearly, or would take more pains to do so, no one could state more lucidly the point at issue, or the doubts to be resolved. It was necessary, however, to make the start. As a rule it takes two to keep up a conversation, as it does to make a quarrel. No
30 doubt there are some who talk incessantly, some who would be thought more of if they were less heard. But,

¹ Emerson

even in the case of the best talkers, "flashes of silence" add to the effect of the most brilliant flow of conversation

In company we cannot all talk together Learning to listen is almost as important as learning to speak A good listener will learn much, and, moreover, is a pleasant companion in any case It is kind to listen, for most people love to speak, sometimes even if they have nothing to say

Wonderful is the power of a word

In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,
And trim attendants serve, and jessamine,
Myrtle, and roses, spread their soft perfume,
And yet a single word of disenchantment
Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught
And there remain but ruins old and grey ¹

10

But we need not go back to magic or fairy tales In life we have all felt how a harsh or angry word will jar the nerves, upset the mind, and spoil the happiest hour, while, on the other hand, in times of sorrow, pain, or anxiety, a 20 kind and sympathetic word will cheer the sufferer, and throw a ray of brightness into the gloom

Friends may, and indeed in almost all cases must, have secrets from one another As to their own secrets, it is for them to judge whether to preserve them or not, but as regards those of others they have no such right

On the other hand, one should always be frank and open Some people are fond of petty mysteries This is a mistake, but it is also, and even more, a mistake to confide in others too easily Without meaning mischief or being 30 intentionally faithless, they may publish what you never meant the world to know Many kind, sympathetic, and

¹ Heine

well-meaning people find it very hard to keep a secret.
 "Nothing is so heavy as a secret"

Words are easy, like the wind ,
 Faithful friends are hard to find ¹

If you cannot keep your own secret, it is unreasonable to expect any one else to do so

Many misunderstandings originate in something which one person has or has not said about another Perhaps the statement is denied, but the denial is not accepted Yet
 10 we all know how often messages are carried wrong We have all played at a childish game in which a sentence which has been transmitted through two or three people is materially, and often amusingly, modified We all know what different accounts eye-witnesses, with every desire for accuracy, will frequently give Why not, therefore, take a charitable view of what is supposed to have been said, why not accept a denial? In any case it is better to do so All quarrels are bad and foolish, especially those that are unnecessary If in such a case the denial is true, you put
 20 yourself in the wrong if you do not accept it, and if the denial is untrue or due to forgetfulness, if the words complained of were really spoken, it is generous to accept the denial, to forget and forgive

Friends may be always with us

I think of thee when the bright sunlight slummers
 Across the sea ,
 When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers
 I think of thee

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
 30 Creeps up the hill
 I go to the lone wood and listen trembling
 When all is still ²

¹ Shakespeare, *The Passionate Pilgrim*

² Goethe

"But, since human affairs are frail and fleeting, some persons must ever be sought for whom we may love, and by whom we may be loved, for when affection and kind feeling are done away with, all cheerfulness likewise is banished from existence"¹

We may have many friends The limit is not in the heart, but in the leisure "How great, wonderful, and universal is love," says the great philosopher of Greece—Plato, "whose empire extends over all things, divine as well as human Love is the cheerful author and giver 10 of virtue in life, and of happiness after death" For the intellect is finite, but love is infinite and cannot be exhausted

Shakespeare, with his usual wisdom, sums up the relations of man to man in a few memorable words of advice

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech

20

In one of his grandest creations he has given us a warning against jealousy, that green-eyed monster which has wrecked many lives It is probably oftener without than with any real foundation

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ²

Do not make a friend of one you cannot trust, but when you have made a friend, trust him But though an enemy may do much harm, and well-chosen friends are among the 30 greatest blessings of life, still after all a man has no better friend, and no worse enemy, than himself

¹ Cicero² Shakespeare

CHAPTER IX

ON RICHES

AMONG the greatest and purest pleasures of life every one would reckon those derived from art and science, literature and music. In none of these does wealth give any great advantage. Statues and pictures are much more keenly enjoyed by artists who understand them, than by rich men who merely own them. "What hath the owner," says Solomon, "but the sight of it with his eyes?" This, moreover, is not confined to the technical owner. Millionaires seldom have the leisure or peace of mind which are
 10 necessary in order to appreciate the intense interest of science. Literature again requires leisure, but not money, the best books are the cheapest. A day's work will buy all the books that can be read in a year. A great library is no doubt a splendid possession, but it is probably much more to the librarian than to the owner. The binding and the backs of the books are very likely all the owner ever sees. If he is a statesman or a diplomatist, or occupies any great office in the State, if he is a rich man, and looks much after his own property,—he can have but little time
 20 for reading.

Time is said to be money. It is really much more than money, and as regards time we are all on an equality. No one has more than twenty-four hours in the day. If a man sleeps for eight hours, then for a third of his life he is as well off as the greatest monarch or the richest millionaire, and probably better, for very likely he is more tired and less anxious. But this is not all. Two or three

hours are spent on meals. Hunger, we know, is the best sauce, and the industrious workman probably enjoys his food far more than the richest man ever can. This accounts for ten hours at least. Then he loves his wife and children as much, and the time spent with them is as delightful to a sensible working-man as it can be to the greatest monarch. We may allow another two hours for exercise, for dressing, undressing, etc., in which certainly the poor man is at no disadvantage.

There remain the eight or ten hours of work. Mental 10 is certainly more exhausting than physical labour. Is it more interesting? If any one will read the Court Circular or the American newspapers, I doubt if he would exchange the work of a carpenter or a stonemason for that of a King or a President. In some respects it may be, I do not say that it necessarily is, more interesting, but the responsibilities and anxieties are certainly greater.

At any rate for two-thirds of his time, that is to say, for two-thirds of his life, the rich and powerful has certainly no advantage over the poor man, and for the other third 20 the case is, to say the least, doubtful.

It is sometimes said that the pleasure of giving is peculiar to the rich, and no doubt the pleasure of giving is one of the greatest and purest which wealth can bestow. Still the poor also may be liberal and generous. The widow's mite, so far as the widow at any rate is concerned, counts for as much as the rich man's gold. After all, the difference between rich and poor is in this respect but little. As a philosopher remarked long ago in the market at Athens, "How many things there are in the world that I 30 do not want." Moreover, as regards kindness and sympathy, which are far more valuable than money, the poor can give as much as, perhaps even more than, the rich. Money is

not wealth There are those whom we look down on as poor, and common, who may be in reality as rich, may possess as grand ideals, and keep as noble company even as any millionaire That which is of most value in life is exactly that which can neither be bought nor sold An Arabic proverb says "A man's true wealth is the *good* he does in this world When he dies, *men* will ask what property he has left behind him, but Angels will inquire, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

- 10 Wealth may be often too dearly bought it is not worth while to sacrifice for it health, or peace of mind, or too much of one's time Happiness can neither be bought nor sold The most important things in the world are good air, good water, good food, good health, and a good conscience, the millionaire can have no more of these than an artisan

The worst things are pain, worry, and sin, and these money not only cannot take away, but may even bring

- So also as regards a nation True wealth does not con-
 20 sist in gold and silver, but in the number of good, healthy, and happy human beings of whom it is composed Nations may ruin themselves, just as individuals can Many, indeed, seem now to think that the national wealth is inexhaustible It is great, no doubt, but has its limits, just as definite as that of an individual Unfortunately this is often forgotten Every country is economical in adversity, but a wise nation is economical in prosperity Are we? I fear not "Good husbandry (by which he meant thrift) is not," said Daniel Defoe, "an English virtue", nor, I fear,
 30 can we claim that it is now Wealth without wisdom is worthless

The chief advantage of being wealthy is to be relieved from the necessity of thinking about money, but if the

result is that we only think of it all the more, and selfishly, it does more harm than good. Money is a great temptation. It leads to self-indulgence and pride. Rich men are sometimes led to look on the poor as a sort of pavement to be trodden on. Poverty requires only two virtues—industry and patience. The rich man, on the other hand, if he has not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is in great peril. How dangerous wealth and power are, all history teaches.

If, when you are young, you buy what you do not want, 10 when you are old you may have to sell what you can badly spare. We ought to live while we are young so that we may be free from debt and from pecuniary anxieties when we are old. It is well to live on yesterday's income, not on to-day's, and still less on that of to-morrow. The spend-thrift of to-day is the pauper of to-morrow.

If you are in business, do not be in a hurry to make money, and, above all, do not speculate. Gambling in any form is a certain road to ruin, while light gains make heavy purses. In times of prosperity do not forget that dark 20 days are coming, in bad times it is a comfort to remember that good days will come again.

Take, again, the ownership of land. Many of our countrymen look forward the whole rest of the year to the month or two they hope to spend in Switzerland, at the seashore, or on the sea itself. It never occurs to them that the mountains, the foreshore, or the waves do not belong to them. They are as happy there as if they owned the country, perhaps more happy. The ownership of hills or valleys, of woods and fields, of rivers and lakes may 30 bring us in rent, but cannot add to the enjoyment we may derive from them. The owner may, no doubt, have rents and profits, but not more enjoyment or interest. The

lover of Nature delights in the sky by day, the moon and the stars by night, the sunrise and sunset, which no man can own

If the host at a feast has any advantage over his guests, it is not from the dinner itself, but from the pleasure of giving it. A poor workman probably enjoys his dinner more than a rich merchant

Riches make men more anxious than poverty. As the French proverb has it, "Little money, little care." Wisely
10 used, indeed, riches may be a blessing. Riches are the servants of the wise, but the tyrants of the foolish, and chains are galling even if made of gold. No amount of wealth can satisfy the covetous man. All the treasures in the world would not make a miser happy.

"I cannot," said Bacon, "call riches better than the baggage of virtue, the Roman word is better, 'impedimenta', for, as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue, it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march, yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or dis-
20 turbeth the victory, of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution. the rest is but conceit."¹

When a certain rich king was told that certain poor people envied him his wealth, "Why then," he said, "they have a double grief, they sorrow first for their own poverty, and then at my prosperity."

We sometimes hear that a man is made of money, but no amount of money can make a man. Themistocles, a famous Greek general, being consulted whether a man should marry his daughter to a worthy poor man, or to a
30 rich man of less approved character, said, "I certainly would rather she married a man without money, than money without a man."

¹ Bacon's *Essays*

CHAPTER X

THE DREAD OF NATURE

MANY of us regard Nature with love, gratitude, and admiration, others, unfortunately for themselves, with indifference, but it is difficult now to realise the dread of Nature which was felt in former times, and even now darkens the lives of many backward races. It was not only exceptional phenomena, such as comets and eclipses, which were regarded as mysterious warnings of coming misfortune, but even less unusual occurrences were dreaded as indications of heavenly displeasure. Thunder was the angry voice of Jupiter, storms at sea the displeasure of Neptune, winds were the 10 ministers of other deities. But even more awful was the feeling of uncertainty.

Uncivilised man accounts for all movement by life. Hence the worship of stones and mountains, fire and water. He thought these tremendous forces cherished a grudge against certain mortals for unintended slight or neglect. There is a mountain in Vancouver's Island which the natives are afraid to name, because if they do so they will be wrecked at sea. Many similar cases might be given.

20

The savage, again, and indeed even the civilised man, if uneducated, very generally believes in witchcraft, and is a prey to constant fears. Throughout Australia, among some of the Brazilian tribes, in parts of Africa, and in various other countries, natural death is regarded as an impossibility. In the New Hebrides, "when a man fell ill he knew that some sorcerer was burning his rubbish, and

shell-trumpets, which could be heard for miles, were blown to signal to the sorcerers to stop, and wait for the presents which would be sent next morning. Night after night the traveller might hear the melancholy too-tooing of the shells, entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims."

As regards pictures, the most curious fancies exist among savage races. They have a very general dislike to be represented, thinking that the artist thereby acquires some mysterious power over them. A traveller on one occasion
10 freed himself from some importunate Indians by threatening to draw them if they did not go away. The author of a very interesting book on the North American Indians, once found himself in great danger from sketching a chief in profile, and thereby, as it was supposed, depriving him of half his face. So, again, a mysterious connection was imagined to exist between a cut lock of hair and the person to whom it belonged. In various parts of the world the sorcerer gets clippings of the hair of his enemy, parings of his nails, or leavings of his food, convinced that whatever
20 evil is done to these will react on their former owner. Even a piece of clothing or the ground on which a person has trodden will answer the purpose, and among some tribes the mere knowledge of a person's name is supposed to give a mysterious power.

The Indians of British Columbia have a great horror of telling their names. Among the Algonquins a person's real name is communicated only to his nearest relations and dearest friends, the outer world address him by a kind of nickname. In some tribes these name-fancies take a
30 different form. As is well known, it is an unpardonable sin in some parts of India for a woman to mention the name of her husband. The Kaffirs have a similar custom, and so have some East African tribes. In many parts of

the world the names of the dead are avoided with superstitious horror. This is the case in great parts of North and South America, in Siberia, among the Papuans and Australians, and even in Shetland where it is said that widows are very reluctant to mention their departed husbands. Savages never know but that by some apparently unimportant action they may not be placing themselves in the power of some terrible enemy, and it is not too much to say that the horrible dread of the unknown hangs like a dark cloud over savage life, and embitters every pleasure. The mental sufferings which they thus undergo, the horrible tortures which they sometimes inflict on themselves, and the crimes which they are led to commit, are melancholy in the extreme.

But this dread of Nature was not confined to savage or barbarous tribes. "The Romans were always conscious of a thrill of fear in presence of anything unknown, anything which had no well-defined nature or consciousness. Everywhere they saw something full of mystery, and experienced a vague kind of horror, which led them to feign the existence of something irrational, which was revered as a kind of higher being. The Greeks, on the contrary, made everything clear, and constructed a beautiful and brilliant set of myths, which covered all the relations of life and Nature."¹

The real name of Rome is said to have been Valentia, but this was kept secret lest the possession of the name should give the magicians of their enemies some occult power over the city, and a Roman noble was condemned to death, and executed, for having betrayed it.

Until quite recently the stars and planets were supposed to exercise a mysterious, and often maleficent, influence

¹ Hegel

over human life, an influence from which the unfortunate victim had no means of freeing himself

In the Middle Ages, Nature spirits were regarded as often mischievous, and apt to take offence, something as essentially malevolent—even the most beautiful being often on that very account all the more dangerous, while the mountains and forests, the lakes and seas, were the abodes of hideous ghosts, and horrible monsters, of giants and ogres, sorcerers and demons. These fears, though vague, were none the less extreme, and the judicial records of the Middle Ages furnish only too conclusive evidence that they were, indeed, a terrible reality. There was a widespread idea, believed in, for instance, by James the First, that by melting little wax images on which a person's name was written, the person indicated might be himself destroyed. The light of science has now happily dispelled these fearful nightmares

Mountain scenery, now our delight and admiration, filled our forefathers with gloom, or even horror. An old traveller, for example, relating his crossing of a range of mountains, exclaims "A horror and awe seize me when I observe these fearful masses of mountains and rocks, and even now I cannot think of them without dread"

Moreover, even when there was no actual dread, there was often an entire want of appreciation. The old masters knew little of landscape. Their flowers and trees, and even their mountains, are more or less conventional.

Goldsmith preferred the scenery of Holland to that of Scotland, where he complained that the rocks and mountains, by their deformities, obstructed the view of the unfortunate traveller. Dr Johnson thought that the road to England was the most beautiful sight in Scotland.

Galpin, in his work on the mountains and lakes of

Cumberland (1788), considers that Lake Windermere was "admirably characterised as beauty lying in the lap of horror," and says that "the eye is hurt with too many tops of mountains, which injure the ideas of simplicity and grandeur," though he admits that, seen from a distance, "the wild mountains, which were so ill-massed, and of a kind so unaccommodating to landscape, lose their monstrous features, losing their deformity, assume a softness which naturally belongs not to them"

But fully to appreciate mountain scenery one must not only admire it as a poet, but know something of it as a man of science

Moreover, there are many who seem to overlook instead of look, to go through life with their eyes shut, to have eyes and see not, like Peter Bell

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell,
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But Nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell ¹

20

Tennyson was not, I think, as correct as usual in stigmatising Nature as "red in tooth and claw" This was surely an uncalled-for criticism Is there really so much suffering in Nature? I think not A violent death, as that of an animal generally is, involves less suffering than a lingering illness Moreover, the love of life and the horror of death seem clear proof that in life there is, to say the least, a balance of happiness We speak with horror of a violent death All death is violent, but sudden death, which is the usual lot of animals, is far from painful Of this we have good evidence When Livingstone was mauled by a lion he tells us "I was on a little hillock,

¹ Wordsworth

the lion leapt on to my shoulder, and we fell together to the ground. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which a mouse feels after the first shake by the cat. It was a sort of dreamy condition, in which there was neither sensation of pain nor feeling of terror, although I was absolutely conscious of all that was taking place. Fear did not exist for me, and I could look at the animal without horror. This particular state is probably produced in all animals killed by carnivora."

- 10 Whymper, describing his fall from the top of the Matterhorn, says that he was conscious of what was happening, and counted every bump, but "felt no pain. What is even more remarkable is, that my bounds through space were not at all disagreeable, however, if the distance had been a little more considerable, I believe I should completely have lost consciousness, therefore I am convinced that death, when caused by a fall from a considerable height, is one of the least painful which one can undergo."

Another common form of death—that by drowning—is
20 also comparatively painless. Here I can speak from personal experience, having on one occasion practically lost consciousness, and therefore gone through what suffering there was.

Animals, I presume, do not suffer from anxiety, and on the whole they have, I believe, in their lives, much joy and pleasure, with comparatively little suffering. We are indebted for this comforting reflection mainly to science. Among its innumerable benefits we owe to it our appreciation and enjoyment of Nature. In fact, we have
30 not only been relieved from the terrible dread of magical powers, but been endowed with that love of Nature which is one of the greatest blessings in life we owe to science.

CHAPTER XI

THE LOVE OF NATURE

If spring came but once in a lifetime, if the sun rose and set once in a year instead of once in a day, if a rainbow appeared once in a century, if flowers were as rare as rubies, and dew drops as diamonds,—how wonderful they would seem, how they would astonish and delight us!

We undervalue them because they are lavished on us. The very word “common” most improperly implies some disparagement. If we trained our minds properly in the appreciation of beauty, we should, on the contrary, wonder at and admire them all the more. Goethe observes that if 10 a rainbow lasts for a quarter of an hour no one looks at it any longer. The commonest things are the best and most necessary

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise

As Sir Walter Scott said, “Nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon”

Flowers are marvellous in the inexhaustible variety of 20 form and colour which

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on¹

Moreover, the innumerable devices by which they fulfil their great functions are most interesting

The very names of plants are themselves delightful, and suggest delightful ideas, they seem redolent of delicious

¹ Shakespeare

and aromatic scents, they are bright with colour, pink and rose and violet, orange and lemon, they suggest nymphs and graces, elves and fairies. In times of trouble or anxiety the lover of trees will often feel with Tennyson that

The woods were filled so full of song
There seemed no room for sense of wrong

Cicero seems to have thought that admiration of mountain beauty could only be accounted for by the love of home. It is possible, he admits, to take a delight even "in
10 the very mountainous and woody scenery, if we have long dwelt in it." How much truer is the view of Tennyson

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air

The sky, again, affords those who know how to see, an inexhaustible object of wonder, admiration, and delight. By day we cannot admire too much the brilliance and magnificence of the sun, which, moreover, seems to grow
20 greater and more beautiful as it approaches the horizon, and yet when it has finally set, when the moon rises in all her exquisite beauty, and the whole heaven sparkles with innumerable stars, we see that the sun hides even more than it reveals. Night reveals much which is invisible by day

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth,
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole ¹

¹ Addison

The night seems made for peace and rest.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony ¹

“If, on a clear night, you have fixed your gaze upon the beauty of the stars, and then suddenly turned to thoughts of the artist of the universe, whoever he be, who has adorned the sky so wonderfully with these undying flowers, and has so planned it that the beauty of the spectacle is not 10 less than its conformity to law if the finite and perishable world is so beautiful, what must the infinite and invisible be?” It has been said that “the heavens declare the glory of God, but do not tell us of His goodness” I cannot agree, they do both “He biddeth His chamberlain, the morning breeze, spread out the emerald carpet of the earth, and commandeth His nurses, the clouds, to foster in earth’s cradle the tender herbage, and clotheth the trees with a garment of green leaves, and at the approach of spring crowneth the young branches with wreaths of 20 blossoms, and by His power the juice of the cane becometh exquisite honey, and the date-seed by His nurture a lofty tree” ²

Then, I cried, these worlds of wonder
 Are the end of Nature ?

Nay,

In the deep abysses yonder,
 Others measurelessly grander
 Lie beyond them far away
 Those which thou hast deemed the grandest
 Are but motes to such as they

30

¹ Shakespeare

² Sadi

Wordsworth did not show his usual good sense when he said

Enough of science and of art ,
Close up those barren leaves ,
Come forth and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives

He need not have gone out of his way to attack artists and men of science. They will not be provoked, I am sure, into retaliation, but will cordially agree with Sedgwick when in a letter to Wordsworth he said "You, sir, have told us of 'the mighty voice of the mountains,' and have interpreted its language, and made it the delight of thousands, and in ages yet unborn the same voice will cheer the kindly aspirations of the heart, and minister to the exaltation of our better nature. But there is another 'mighty voice' muttered in the dark recesses of the earth, the voice of wisdom, of inspiration, and of gladness, telling us of things unseen by vulgar eyes of the mysteries of creation, of the records of God's will in countless ages before man's being, of a spirit breathing over matter before a living soul was placed within it, of laws as unchangeable as the oracles of nature, of harmonies then in preparation, but far nobler now that they are the ministers of thought and the instruments of intellectual joy, and to have their full consummation only in the end of time, when all the bonds of matter shall be cast away, and there shall begin the reign of knowledge and universal love" ¹

We seem to be on the threshold of great discoveries. There is no single substance in Nature the properties of which are fully known to us. There is no animal or plant which would not well repay, I do not say merely the attention of an hour, but even the devotion of a lifetime. I

¹ Sedgwick, Letter to Wordsworth, *Scenery of the Lakes*, p. 54

often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-countrymen lose from their ignorance of science

No one with any interest in science can ever be dull If any one is ever dull it is his own fault Every wood, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest for those who have eyes to see No one would sit and drink in a public-house if he knew how delightful it was to sit and think in a field, no one would seek excitement in gambling and betting if he knew how much more interesting science is Science never ruined any one, but is a sort 10 of fairy godmother, ready to shower on us all manner of good gifts if we will only let her In fairy tales the nature spirits occasionally fall in love with some peculiarly attractive mortal, and endow their favourite with splendid presents Nature will do all this, and more, for any one who loves her Nature, moreover, is not only a fairy godmother, not only a revelation of beauty, but a guide and a teacher In that charming book, *The Soul of a People*, we are told that Buddha "went into the forest to look for truth He left mankind and went to Nature for help" 20

To Ruskin the love of beauty was almost a religion, and I need not say how much he has done to educate others to enjoy it "It is not possible for any man," he says, "to walk across so much as a rod of the natural earth with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from stone, flower, leaf, or sound"

Nature fills the heart not only with joy and wonder, but with gratitude, and however we may differ in politics, in theology, in science, in our views and ideas of life, we all join in the delight of spring and the glory of summer 30 The spring seems to bring us fresh life Yet how many men come into the world and go out of it again without the least idea what sort of a world it is

Keats was surely inspired when he wrote

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to gaze into the fair
 And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament

But, unfortunately, so many screens interpose between us and Nature, between man and truth¹ There are the humours of the eye, the structure of the retina, the nerves, the brain, the air, dust, rain, the state of our digestion, of
 10 our health, of our circulation,—in short, of our body, and still more of our mind It has been well said that man can never bathe twice in the same river, nor can the river twice receive the same man

The more we study Nature, the more we shall enjoy it, the more we shall realise the beauty and interest, the complexity and perfection of the world in which we live Some things are more beautiful than others, but all Nature is beautiful It is only man who makes things ugly, even sometimes when copying what is beautiful

20 Reflections are, as a rule, more beautiful than the objects themselves, and the more we reflect, the more beautiful the universe will appear We cannot, indeed, I think, imagine any world more wonderful than our own There is none, so far as we can tell, under the more immediate touch of God, and none whence sublimer deeps are open to adoration, none murmuring with the whisper of more thrilling affections or ennobled as the theatre of more glorious duties "Broad, indeed," said the Emperor Akbar, "is the carpet which God has spread, and beautiful
 30 the colours which He has given it"

Some painters have been accused of decking Nature in too brilliant colours No doubt she knows when to be splendid, and when soberer and tenderer tints are more

appropriate But no artist can rival the colours of Nature

In the *Life* of Sir W Napier, by his daughter, we are told that Sir Edward Codrington once, in a conversation at sea, criticised the colouring of that wonderful painter Turner, and denied that such brilliant hues ever occurred in Nature "My father," she says, "looked round, and, pointing with his hand to the sea towards the east, said, 'Look here' As every little ripple rose it was a triangle of burning crimson sheen from the red sunset light 10 upon it, of a brilliancy not even Turner himself could equal in his most highly coloured picture The whole broad sea was a blaze of those burning crimson triangles, all playing into each other, and just parting and showing their forms again as the miniature billows rose and fell 'Well, well' said Sir Edward, 'I suppose I must give up the reds, but what will you say to his yellows? Surely they are beyond everything' 'Look there' said my father, pointing to the sea on the western side of our boat, between us and the setting sun—every triangular wave there, as the ripples 20 rose, was in a yellow flame, as bright as the other was red, and glittering like millions of topaz lights Sir Edward Codrington laughed kindly and admiringly, and said, 'Well' I must give in, I have no more to say, you and Turner have observed Nature more closely than I have'"

Every season of the year and every hour of the day has a beauty of its own, and yet now and then some effect seems to stand out with special brilliance or loveliness

It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from beyond the sun
A light of Paradise ¹

30

¹ Shelley

Almost all children are born with a love of natural history, which generally takes the form of making a collection. Far be it from me to underrate the pleasure and interest of collecting. Indeed, a museum is in many branches of Nature-knowledge almost a necessary preliminary to study. But a collection is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is like a library, necessary for study, but useless unless studied,—unless the books are read. Moreover, we have all access to the great National and other museums. And, if I confine my remarks to natural history, we must not forget that plants lose half their interest when they are gathered, animals when they are killed.

In the streets and toyshops many ingenious puzzles are sold in which children, and even grown-up people, often find great interest and amusement. What are these puzzles and problems to those which Nature offers us, without charging even a penny? These are innumerable.

20 Take geography and biology alone —

Why are there mountains on the eastern and western coasts of India?

What determines the course of the Ganges?

Why does the Brahmaputra, after flowing for hundreds of miles in easterly direction, suddenly turn to the south and cut its way southwards through the mountains, and then flow southwestwards into the sea?

What is the age of the river Indus?

How long has the Ganges been flowing?

30 Why are there no great lakes in India?

Why do the leaves of the Ashwatha or Indian Aspen quiver in the breeze?

Why are some fruits good to eat and others poisonous?

Why have some trees triangular seeds, and others spherical seeds?

Why are some leaves oval and pointed, and other leaves palmate?

Why have some willows broad leaves, and others narrow leaves?

Why do some flowers sleep by day, and others by night?

Why do flowers sleep at all?

Why have so many flowers five petals, and why are so many tubular?

Why are white and light yellow flowers so generally sweet scented?

Why are tigers striped, leopards spotted, lions brown, and so many caterpillars green?

Why are some caterpillars so brightly coloured?

Why are fish dark above and pale below?

10

Why do soles have both eyes on one side?

Why are gulls' eggs more or less pointed, and owls' eggs round?

To those who have eyes to see, Nature suggests thousands of similar problems. Some few we can answer, but the vast majority still remain unexplained.

May I indicate a few subjects of inquiry, confining my suggestions to points which require no elaborate instruments, no appreciable expenditure? Many people keep pets, but how few study them. Some philosophers regarded all animals as unconscious automata. My own 20 experiments and observations have led me to the conclusion that all animals have a little dose of reason, though some good naturalists still deny it. I have often been told that dogs are as intelligent as human beings, but when I have asked whether any dog yet realised that 2 and 2 make 4, the answer is doubtful. Does a dog or an elephant derive any pleasure from a beautiful view? The whole question of the consciousness and intelligence of animals requires careful study.

Take again the life-history of animals. There is scarcely 30 one which is fully known to us. Really I might say not one, for some of the most interesting discoveries of recent years have been made in respect to some of our commonest animals. The life-history of eels was

quite unknown until a few years ago So was that of a musquito

Coming now to plants, any one who has given a thought to the subject will admit how many problems are opened up by flowers But leaves and seeds are almost equally interesting There is a reason for everything in this world, and there must be some cause for the different forms of leaves In Ruskin's vivid words, "they take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them"

10 Some of these differences, indeed, have been explained, but for those in the leaves of ferns, for instance, of seaweeds, and many others, no satisfactory suggestion, so far as I know, has yet been offered

Look again at fruits and seeds, what beauty both of form and colour, and what infinite variety! Even in nearly allied species no two species have seeds which are identical in size, form, or texture of surface In fact, the problems which every field and wood, every common and hedgerow, every pond and stream, offer us are endless
20 and most interesting But the scientific and intellectual interests are only a part of the charm of Nature The æsthetic pleasure to be gained is very great How much our life owes to the beauty of flowers!

How little we realise of the commonest plants and animals till some seer reveals them to us Take Ruskin's charming picture of the squirrel There is no animal "so beautiful, so happy, so wonderful, as the squirrel Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity
30 of the monkey, with the grace and the brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more like a sunbeam than a living creature, it leaps and darts, and twines, where it will,

a chamois is slow to it, and a panther clumsy, grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of a rush, beautiful and strong like the spual of a fern, it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the angel that walks with your children had made it himself for their heavenly plaything" Or take his vivid description of the serpent "That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar, it bites the dust with the ridges of its body Watch it when it moves 10 slowly a wave, but without a wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards, but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension, one soundless, causeless, march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils Startle it, the winding stream will become a twisted arrow, the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance It scarcely 20 breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive), it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone, yet, it can out-climb the monkey, out-swim the fish, out-leap the zebra, out-wrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger As the bird is the clothed power of the air, so this is the clothed power of the dust, as the bird is the symbol of the spirit of life, so this is of the grasp and sting of death"

To the wise and good Nature is divine, but to understand her we must love her, we must feel that we are one 30 with her People often talk of the supernatural This is, no doubt, mainly a matter of definition To me, Nature is all-sufficient and all-covering Much, at least, of what many

regard as supernatural is really either natural or non-existent. Whatever exists is part of Nature. It is not that those who hold these views wish to lower the so-called supernatural, but that those who hold the opposite opinion seem to us to limit and lower Nature. Nature is infinite. Every fresh discovery reveals new sources of wonder, every problem that is solved opens others. The telescope and microscope create for us new worlds, the spectroscope has answered questions which were thought to be obviously
 10 beyond the range of human ken.

Certainly naturalists ought to be cheerful, unless there is something peculiarly sad or painful in the individual lot.

The ancients looked upon the earth as something unique, the centre of the universe, *we* know that it is a small planet, revolving round a small star, one of the many millions of heavenly bodies, and yet what infinite mysteries it comprises, what immeasurable problems it opens up, with what innumerable beauties it is adorned. Our senses are marvellous, and yet we really cannot be sure that we are
 20 not living, like the blind reptiles of some great cave, in the midst of wonders and beauties which we have no organs of sense to perceive.

We are apt to think that every one recognises beauty when he sees it, but that is a complete mistake. Many stand both blind and deaf in the great temple of Nature. In the whole of classical literature there are hardly any references to the sublime and transcendent beauty of sunsets, which is all the more remarkable from the pre-eminent place which, according to Max Müller and other
 30 great authorities, the dawn held in the origin and development of Aryan mythology.

Even the Greeks, with all their keen sense of beauty in art, do not seem to have appreciated the still more exquisite

beauty of Nature And yet though none of us can fully realise, and few, indeed, can even feebly recognise, the wonder and beauty of the world in which it is our privilege to live, still to many of us one look up to Heaven—the blue sky, or the brilliant stars—one glimpse of a lake or sea, one view up to or down from a mountain, and the dust of the highway of life vanishes away That must, indeed, be a dark perplexity or a grievous pain which a fine day in the open air will not do much to lighten or relieve

Indeed, how any one with eyes in his head can ever be 10 dull, is a mystery The Emperor Akbar well said that “broad indeed is the carpet which God has spread, and beautiful the colours which He has given it”

Suppose that one of us had a rich gallery of pictures and sculpture by the greatest masters, which he never looked at, or a library of the best books, which he never opened, what should we say? What should we think of him? But the marvellous works of Nature are open to us all, they are more marvellous, more beautiful, than any works of man, and yet how few appreciate or enjoy them 20

Many people, though they have eyes, fail to use them They have eyes and see not

“To a person uninstructed in natural history,” said Huxley, “his country or seaside stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine-tenths of which have their faces turned to the wall Teach him something of natural history, and you place in his hands a catalogue of those which are worth turning round Surely our innocent pleasures are not so abundant in this life that we can afford to despise this, or any other source of 30 them”

Naturalists pre-eminently recognise how intensely the reverent study of Nature has added, and will add, to the

happiness of life We are devoted to the country—to *our* country of course, but especially to *the* country It appeals not only to our senses, but to our reason One of the main charms of Nature is the great mystery of existence Every stone is a problem, or rather a series of problems Every flower is a marvel, every animal a miracle, and man himself the greatest of all, we know little about the body, still less about the mind, and least of all what is the relation of the body to the mind, and yet they make you and me

10 In this world of storm and stress, of wars and rumours of wars, of Parliamentary elections and political excitement, the study of Nature brings peace to the heart

Books afford us practically inexhaustible treasures of interest, which no doubt take some finding, but the splendid secrets of Nature, as Shelley tells us, she will not disclose to those who cannot question well—still less to those who do not love her well

Music and literature are sources of pure and intense enjoyment But naturalists rejoice in the glorious faith
20 that Nature truly is

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found

In the troubles and sorrows of life, science does much to soothe, comfort, and console If we contemplate the immeasurable lapse of time indicated by geology, the almost infinitely small and quite infinitely complex and beautiful structures rendered visible by the microscope, or the depths
30 of space revealed by the telescope, we cannot but be carried out of ourselves

We see so little and know so little that we can form no adequate conception of the wonderful world in which we

live, but the little we do see and know convinces us how glorious and wonderful the whole must be

The stars, indeed, if we study them, will not only guide us over the wide waters of the ocean, but what is even more important, light us through the dark hours which all must expect. The study of Nature is not only most important from a practical and material point of view, and not only most interesting, but will also do much to lift us above the petty troubles and help us to bear the greater sorrows of life

10

We live in an exciting, busy, beautiful, and delightful world, full of interest and promise, beyond and all round in the far distance lies a vast, silent, and shadowy region, awful, mysterious, and to which we can imagine no limits, but as long as we keep the mind active, the heart pure, and the home happy and bright with confidence and love, the mystery of the universe will have no terrors, and the spirit of peace will dwell with us

CHAPTER XII

NOW

Boast not thyself of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth —SOLOMON

20

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries

SHAKESPEARE

THE past is gone, the future may never come, the present
is our own

Now is the time to act,
 Now is the time to fight,
 Now is the time to make myself a better man
 If to day you are not ready,
 Will you be to morrow ?

To-morrow, moreover, may never come so far as you are concerned

Do not act as if you had a thousand years to live
 Delay is always dangerous What is well begun is half
 10 done What is once put off is more difficult than before

Many are the proverbs inculcating prompt action and deprecating delay "Strike while the iron is hot", "Make hay while the sun shines", and many more

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly ¹

The exhortations to make the most of the present moment are innumerable Many are more or less melancholy

20 All pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
 Or like the snowfalls on the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ²

"The world's a bubble," says Bacon, "and the life of man less than a span"

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain
 Thou art gone, and for ever ³

There is no doubt that life is short All the more reason for making the most of it For

30 What are past or future joys ?
 The present is our own
 And he is wise who best employs
 The passing hour alone ⁴

¹ Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

³ Scott

² Burns

⁴ Bishop Heber

If you lose any of your time, you will hardly find it again Yet while all men cling to life, many are often dull and at a loss what to do with their time Do not be in a hurry to settle what to do, but when once you have made up your mind, begin without delay, so that you may be able to finish without hurry

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To morrow's sun to thee may never rise ¹

Archias, Governor of Thebes in the fourth century B C, received one day a letter of warning, but put it on one side, 10 saying, "Business to-morrow," and lost his life in consequence Lord Chesterfield said that the Duke of Newcastle lost an hour in the morning and spent the rest of the day looking for it

Life is not only short, but uncertain We are not only ignorant what the morrow may bring forth, but whether for us there may be any morrow at all

When we have a number of duties to perform it is sometimes difficult to know where to begin Perhaps the best rule is to take the most unpleasant first What is 20 disagreeable in prospect is often pleasant to look back on

Youth has been compared to a garland of roses, age to a crown of thorns Shakespeare expresses the general feeling, perhaps, when he tells us that

Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care ¹
Youth, I do adore thee,
Age, I do abhor thee ¹

In youth, however, it may be natural to be anxious The young have had little experience of the world, if, unfor- 30 tunately, they have not good guidance, they may make

¹ Congreve

great mistakes, life is before them, if they are rash and unwise in a moment of haste, they may bring on themselves years of trouble. In old age, on the other hand, if we have been wise when young, we have friends, we have earned our rest, and misfortunes cannot affect us long. We may have cares for others, for our country, for those who are near and dear to us, but surely not for ourselves !

CHAPTER XIII

WISDOM

Where shall wisdom be found ?
 And where is the place of understanding ?
 Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,
 And to depart from evil is understanding
JOB

10

WE are told in the Northern Sagas that Wotan gave one of his eyes to the giant Mimir for a draught from the fountain of wisdom. Happily we are not called upon to make any such irreparable sacrifice. If we cannot all be Solons or Solomons, we can all do much to cultivate and strengthen the judgment, and to study the experience of others as a guide for ourselves. "Now the ancient philosophers defined wisdom to be the knowledge of things human and divine, and of the causes by which these things are regulated, a study that if any man despises, I know not what he can think deserving of esteem" ¹

Reason and speech are what distinguish man from all other living creatures. This is especially true of reason

¹ Cicero

Speech is responsible for many mistakes and disasters When I was addressing my constituents in old days, I often used to feel that while it was right they should know what I thought, it was at least equally important that I should know what they thought, and why they thought it Moreover, while any one can hear those who speak, the great art of a statesman is to hear those who are silent

Every one, I suppose, has had occasion to reproach himself with having said more than was wise, but few have ever suffered from talking too little Silence is golden, 10 speech is not always silver It is well to keep the mouth often shut, the eyes and ears always open Even the wisest counsels are often thrown away Wise men learn more from fools, than fools from wise men ¹

In national affairs, though delay is more often complained of, we suffer much more from hasty and ill-considered legislation It is very unwise to act in a hurry Nature never does There are many cases in which it is felt that "something must be done," but unless it is the right something it may only make matters worse Lord 20 Melbourne's question, "Can't you let it alone?" was in many cases very wise Much of our legislation consists in repealing unwise laws, which were passed in a hurry, which dealt with admitted evils, but, unfortunately, only made matters worse The perfection of a clock is not to go fast, but to go well

It is very seldom wise to do anything in a hurry It is generally wise to sleep over a case of difficulty When night brings with it the great gift of sleep, the brain often works for us unconsciously, like the good brownie of the 30 fairy tales If we wait for his wise counsels we shall often avoid mistakes we should have made overnight It is

¹ Cato

better to sleep over what you are going to do, than to be kept awake afterwards by what you have done. It is easy to do nothing, but difficult and sometimes impossible to undo anything.

Knowledge is the foundation on which the palace of wisdom is built—knowledge “which kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force command”¹. The more we know, the more we wish to know. We are told of Peter the Great that he wisely “resolved to see
10 everything that was to be seen, hear everything that was to be heard, know everything that was to be known, and learn everything that was to be taught.”²

I cannot agree with the author who says that “if we knew everything we should venerate nothing”³. It is almost as if he had said that there is nothing which really deserves veneration. The ignorant man takes everything for granted. The true student, the more he knows, the more he is filled with astonishment and admiration at the wonderful world in which we live.

20 Knowledge supplies the materials with which, and the foundation on which, wisdom can build, but

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom
And with all thy getting get understanding

In one of his most magnificent passages Solomon tells us that

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold

30 She is more precious than rubies
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared
unto her

¹ Bacon

² De Foe

³ Martineau

Length of days is in her right hand ,
 And in her left hand riches and honour
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace
 She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her
 And happy is every one that retaineth her

The wise learn from the experience of others, the unwise only from their own. It is best to profit by good advice, though it is better to learn by experience than not to learn at all. It has been well said that experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other, and some will not even learn in that.

What are the general foundations of our belief? Henry Sidgwick tells us that the following lines occurred to him in a dream

We think so because all other people think so ,
 Or because—or because—after all, we do think so ,
 Or because we were told so, and think we must think so ,
 Or because we once thought so, and think we still think so ,
 Or because, having thought so, we think we will think so 20

Thinking is indeed very hard work. Manual work is child's play compared with that of the brain, and muscle can be restored far more quickly than nerve. Moreover, thought is in some respects very disheartening. Why do we find ourselves in such an incomprehensible world?

Knowledge which is kept from us is perhaps refused because we are not prepared for it, it might be misunderstood or misused, it might overpower or dazzle us. "In the matter of knowledge, it has happened to me as to one who rises early, and in the dark impatiently awaits the dawn, and then the sun, but is blinded when it appears"¹ The owl is the type of Athene, the goddess of wisdom, but

¹ Goethe

it sees better in the mild light of the moon, and is blinded by the glare of the midday sun

All we can hope at present is, step by step, bit by bit, to lift the veil of ignorance and let in the light of knowledge. We have done something in this direction, especially in the last century, but little—one might almost say nothing—in comparison with what still remains undone. Nature may still say, "I am what was, and is, and shall be." My veil has been lifted by no mortal."

- 10 "The greater part of men are much too exhausted and enervated by their struggle with want to be able to engage in a new and severe contest with error. Satisfied if they themselves can escape from the hard labour of thought, they willingly abandon to others the guardianship of their thoughts."¹ It is a relief to turn from the hard labour of thought and the disappointment of doubt to the clear and simple task of duty. If reason leaves us in darkness "that might be felt," conscience is bright and clear as the noonday sun.

- 20 Though we may often be in a difficulty as to what is wise or what is true, we have seldom any hesitation as to what is right. Knowing this, we have our happiness in our own hands. The difficulty is not to determine what we ought to do, but to make ourselves do it. The result is not what we are to expect, but what we are to strive for, and it is in earnestly striving after the best we secure the good.

- Many things which are innocent or immaterial, sometimes even useful in themselves, become sins if carried to an extreme. Generosity, if carried too far, becomes extravagance, courage borders on recklessness. In any case, what we sow, that we shall reap. Vice is its own punishment,

¹Schiller

virtue its own reward In one sense it is true that there are no rewards or punishments, but only consequences Happiness follows goodness, not indeed as day follows night, for night does not create day, while goodness always leads to happiness But come what may to others, good is sure to come to oneself An old Arabian prayer besought God to be especially merciful to the wicked, for "to the good Thou hast already been merciful in making them good"

Tennyson tells us that

10

We needs must love the highest when we see it,

and this is perhaps true in the generous and comparatively unspoilt years of youth, but, unfortunately, it is possible so to lower, tarnish, and degrade life as to forfeit that great privilege It is not the knowledge of vice, but the hatred and dread of it, that will help a young man entering life

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We must endure, then pity, then embrace ¹

20

Some men make trouble, and some men take trouble Those who make trouble are unhappy themselves and a fountain of unhappiness to others, while those who take trouble are not only a source of happiness to others but to themselves also A little thing, a little help at the right moment, a little good advice, still oftener a kind word, may have a great effect

How far that little candle throws its beams ¹
So shines a good deed in a naughty world ²

Conscience is not only a safe guide, but a witness we cannot influence or remove We may control the tongue,

¹Pope

²Shakespeare

disguise the features, and subdue the passions, but we cannot permanently silence the still, small voice of conscience

CHAPTER XIV

PEACE OF MIND

THE peace of nations is often compared to that between individuals, and no doubt the analogy is close in many respects. It is better to preserve peace than to gain a victory. But there is one very important difference. A nation, however reasonable, however just, however unaggressive, cannot ensure peace. It is always liable to be driven
10 into war if it is so unfortunate as to have a turbulent, ambitious, and unscrupulous neighbour. On the other hand, no one can absolutely destroy the peace of mind of
any one but himself.

People often make themselves miserable very unnecessarily by attaching too much importance to trifles. It sometimes happens that when the main issues of life are going well—when health is good, when one's nearest and dearest are well and happy, when one's income is sufficient, and there is really no cause for anxiety—some comparative
20 trifle, some slight (well so-named) or mistake, the loss of a game or a train, some unlucky remark, and sometimes even without any apparent cause an unaccountable depression, will for a time cloud over the sunshine of life. The mind may be, and often is, ill like the body. A cure is as important and even more difficult.

No number of small troubles can make a great sorrow if

we resolutely refuse to add them together They should be kept in watertight compartments and dealt with separately The troubles of life are like the sticks in the story if they are kept apart we can easily break them, but if they are allowed to unite into a bundle, they may break us

There is *one* person we can certainly make happy, if we set about it the right way, and that person is oneself Every one can, if he chooses, keep his mind on the whole at peace, contented and cheerful He can do it, but no one 10 else can, though others may help "If you do not find rest in yourself, it is useless to look for it elsewhere" ¹

In the gloom of evening the shadows of life grow longer and deeper How often in the long silence of the night, when one cannot escape from oneself, when the over-anxious or over-weary brain works against our will, conjures up imaginary difficulties, poses insoluble problems, brings up the ghosts which we would willingly forget, or even if it only works round and round with some trifling or endless repetition, we long in vain for sleep, and say with King 20 Henry

Oh sleep, oh gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

We torment ourselves more than others can torment us The worst misfortunes are those that never happen after all, and panics are terrors for which there is no foundation The more we think *for others*, and the less we think *of ourselves*, the happier we shall be "One can only rest if 30 one forgets oneself" ² Moreover, we often torment ourselves in vain "It is folly to ruminate on evils to come, or

¹ De la Rochefoucauld

² Cherbulez

such as, perhaps, never may come Every evil is disagreeable enough when it does come, but he who is constantly considering that some evil may befall him, is loading himself with a perpetual evil, and even should such evil never light on him, he voluntarily takes upon himself unnecessary misery, so that he is under constant uneasiness, whether he actually suffers any evil, or only thinks of it"¹ And those which do happen we make worse by brooding over them "Death is more easy to support if we do not think
 10 about it, than the fear of death when there is really no danger"

There is an Eastern proverb that "if a man enters the House of Fortune by the door of Pleasure, he commonly comes out by the gate of Vexation" "Sin is the worst slavery in the world, it breaks and sinks men's spirits, it makes them so base and servile that they have not the courage to rescue themselves"²

The opinion which others have of us does not matter much, but the opinion we have of ourselves is much more
 20 important

Why should we give others more power over us than we can help, and why should we allow ourselves to be the slaves of our own passions? "On the heels of folly," says an Eastern proverb, "treadeth shame, and at the back of anger treadeth remorse" Dr Johnson advises "Whatever be the motives of insult, it is always best to overlook it, for folly can scarcely deserve resentment, and malice is best punished by neglect" To show that we are hurt or annoyed is exactly what the enemy would wish, we give
 30 him a small triumph, whereas if we laugh good-humouredly at the attack, or treat it with contempt, he cannot but feel that he has failed

¹ Cicero² Longinus

We might have peace, great peace,
If we would not load ourselves with others' words and works
And with what concerns us not
How can he be long at rest
Who meddles in another's cares,
And looks for matters out of his own path,
And only now and then gathers his thoughts within him ?¹

Those who throw themselves into their work, whatever they have to do, who conscientiously do their best, seem to consecrate their work, and through it themselves. It does not so much matter what the work is, but what does matter is the way we do it. When Turner was asked the secret of his success, he said, "I have no secret but hard work." When a man earnestly wishes for the happiness of others, when he never passes a day without some act of kindness, how can he be otherwise than happy ?

In this life there are no gains without pains. Life indeed would be dull if there were no difficulties. Games lose their zest if there is no real struggle,—if the result is a foregone conclusion. Both winner and loser enjoy a game most if it is closely contested to the last. No victory is a real triumph unless the foe is worthy of the steel.

Whether we like it or not, life is one continuous competitive examination. There is no suffering by which we may not profit, and few troubles which, if rightly dealt with, will not prove to have been blessings in disguise. A mistake, if it be an honest mistake, need not necessarily be a misfortune, it may be a useful lesson, one that can be turned to good account. In experimental science, failures so-called, if they do not lead directly to discovery, at least remove one form of error.

¹ Thomas à Kempis

Ah ! when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Thro' all the circle of the golden year ? ¹

In Wordsworth's lines

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security ²

10

If a rich man is anxious about business, it is not because he possesses money, but because the money possesses him. It is a mistake to enter into any business which habitually involves anxiety, that, indeed, is not really business, but speculation, which has somewhat the same relation to commerce as astrology to astronomy, or alchemy to chemistry. Of course a business which seems fairly safe may turn out risky. I do not say that the man of business can altogether avoid times of anxiety, losses, and some-
 20 times even ruin, may overtake the most prudent. But they are only occasional accidents, not the necessary accompaniments of commerce. Farmers are not regarded as speculators, and are not supposed to suffer from special cares, but they have times of anxiety from droughts and floods, from falls in prices and failure of crops.

Yet it is possible—I do not say it is easy—to keep the mind free and the spirit calm even in the busiest life. The man who finds this impossible had better retire. It is no use ruining *himself* to make money. But happily there are
 30 many of whom one may say

There are in this loud stunning tide
 Of human crime and crime,

¹ Tennyson

² *Ode to Duty*

With whom the melodies abide
 Of th' everlasting chime,
 Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily task with busier feet,
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat ¹

Some find their most complete repose in activity, others are most active when in repose

It is not by retiring from active life or business, or by going down to a cottage in the country, that a man can ¹⁰ secure peace of mind. Trifles may be as exhausting and troublesome, as worrying and irritating, as commerce or concerns of State, leisure leaves the mind open to conscience the only real peace is in the mind, but if the mind is in a turmoil, to retreat into it is only to exchange one set of troubles for another. No man lived more in the rush and turmoil of the world than our great Prime Minister, Mr Gladstone, and one of the secrets of his success was that when he returned home from the House of Commons he threw off his cares and left them behind him ²⁰ on the Treasury Bench. He used to call his library at Hawarden the Temple of Peace. If he could do so with his immense responsibilities, surely any man might make his mind a sanctuary ¹. The peace of a home depends on those who are in it the peace of any man depends mainly on his own mind

Those who live in the quiet of rural occupations may perhaps be better able to tolerate a little excitement at home. But for the merchant or manufacturer, whose mind is occupied by business calculations as his daily duty, it is ³⁰ specially important to keep a haven of repose in his own soul to which he may retire when his work is done for the

¹ Keble

day, and thus "combine the divinest activity with the profoundest repose"¹ During the day his mind necessarily turns on pounds, shillings, and pence, on capital and interest, on commission and percentages, it is all the more necessary for him to leave such thoughts behind in the office with the ledgers, and to raise the soul into a purer and nobler atmosphere It is a calm mind and cool head, not feverish excitement or anxious care, which leads to success in business According to the Chinese proverb,
 10 "Patience and perseverance turn mulberry leaves into satin"

There are three things which money cannot buy—health, happiness, and peace On the other hand, if these are beyond money and price, yet every one can secure them, if he chooses, for himself Two of them, indeed, money tends often to steal away health by the temptations of the table, and peace by the fear of loss

We all know how easy it is to make ourselves miserable Eat and drink too much, take too little fresh air and
 20 exercise, and you will be dyspeptic, a burden to yourself and a curse to your family spend more than your income, be jealous, suspicious, selfish, and dishonest Nothing is easier It is not so easy, on the other hand, but it is possible, to take the opposite course—to make oneself happy and be a blessing to those around us

If you work only, or even mainly, for yourself, then indeed you may feel, as your strength is failing, worn out by years, that "Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured
 30 to do and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun"² "Therefore," continues the writer—"therefore I hated life, because the

¹ J Martineau² Solomon

work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me for all is vanity and vexation of spirit"¹ No wonder, but it was his own fault, or at least, let us say more charitably, his own mistake If he had worked not for himself, but for others, if he had tried to brighten the lives of those around him, he would have been happy, even if he had failed, and very happy if he had succeeded

It has been justly observed that no one is useless as long as he has a friend, but no one need be useless as long as there is any one he can help, which is as good as saying ¹⁰ that one may always be of use And this is true however humble one may be the mouse in the fable saved the lion's life

We live in a very beautiful world, but few good things are to be had in it without hard work It is not a world in which any one can expect to be prosperous if he is easily discouraged Perseverance—earnest, steady perseverance—is necessary to success This is no drawback Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body, in fact, the two are inseparable 20

The weariness and sadness of life come, not in the nature of things, not from outside, but from ourselves We raise for ourselves the wild storms of the human heart Suffering and sorrow we must indeed all expect, but it is our own fault if we have not a heavy balance of happiness Nothing, in fact, is expected of us that it is not our own interest to fulfil everything which is wrong is also unwise in itself The ill-tempered man makes himself more unhappy than any one else, the miser cannot enjoy money, the glutton and the drunkard turn the natural and innocent enjoy- ³⁰ ment of food into a cause of misery and degradation, the man who works seven days a week breaks down, the idle

¹ Solomon

and the ignorant know nothing of the beautiful world in which we live, the glorious and ennobling treasures of art, literature, and science, the selfish and unkind man loses the inestimable blessing of the confidence and love of friends and relations. Day by day the bad man sinks lower and lower, ruins his body and degrades his mind, loses one source of happiness after another, his "false" pleasures turning to torments, finds himself surrounded by strangers or enemies, while both body and mind are racked
 10 with suffering and misery—all the harder to bear because he has brought them on himself, and last, not least, haunted by apprehensions for the future. While the good man, as the years run on, finds life easier and happier, his conscience is at peace, he has rich stores of bright thoughts and happy memories, and is blessed by the inestimable comfort of grateful and loving friends, and a peaceful and happy home.

Let the dew of kindness water the dust of the path of life. Be severe to yourself and indulgent to others, the
 20 conscience should be more strict than the judgment. Unless you have any strong reason to the contrary, do not be suspicious, do not think evil of a man if you can help it, give him credit for good motives. You will be oftener right than wrong. Moreover, your confidence will often do much to make him loyal and true.

No doubt much of what is often called religion rests rather on the sands of superstition than on the rock of nature. Yet there is good in all—at any rate, in almost all, religions. The Mahometan is simple, and strongly
 30 inculcates sobriety, the Hindu is detached from the world, in the Jewish we must admire its firm monotheism, in the Buddhist its gentle and loving unselfishness. What is most important is not what you are called, or what you call

yourself, but whether you strenuously do your best to act up to your religion

We may not be able to tell whence we came or where we are going, we may not be able to satisfy ourselves what to think or to believe, but in our hearts we almost always know well enough what we ought to do

What rest is to the body, peace is to the mind Peace internal, peace external, peace eternal, peace with men, peace with God, peace with oneself "Seek God within yourself, and you will assuredly find Him, and with Him 10 peace and joy." ¹

¹ Fenelon.

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